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# ADA REIS,

*A TALE.*

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

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Τοιαῦτα μὲν περὶ τούτων ἔπαιζεν, ἅμα σπουδάζων.
XENOPHON. *Memorabilia*, lib. i. cap. iii. s. 7.

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# ADA REIS.

## CHAPTER I.

How often is love described! its birth, growth, decline, and death, in all languages, in all countries! Authors of both sexes seem never to tire of descanting upon this master-passion. In the MS. there follow 662 pages of romantic love, such as former times were enthusiastic and patient enough to read. The present age, though as liable to the affection, is somewhat more impatient of common-place dissertation upon it. So many lovers sighed round Fiormonda, that many petty adventures of course took place: sighs, presents, moon-light walks, balls, plays, rides, quarrels, treacheries, frowns, jealousies, hopes, follow in the regular order; and at length, upon the

lover's side, neglect, inconstancy, and coldness.

Fiormonda yet, notwithstanding, seemed to have forgotten every thing on earth but Condulmar. Vain was her pride; vain a promised diadem; vain the distraction of Montevallos; vain the adoration of so many courtiers; vain the flattery of the viceroy: weeks and months passed, to appearance, in a round of amusement; but really in the indulgence of violent and restless passion. The period when young ladies require the greatest care; when the feelings are the strongest, and the reason the weakest, when they are exposed at once to the temptations of novelty and the ardour of solicitation; that period is often selected, even by the wisest of parents, for removing from about them those who have hitherto guarded and restrained them. This was now the case with Fiormonda. Shaffou Paca, offending Ada Reis one evening by an abrupt and unsolicited intrusion upon his presence, he sent her back to Egypt; but previous to her departure, she boasted that Fiormonda was now no longer in need of her assistance;—

that her son Kabkarra's predictions had been fulfilled, and that before long he would pay her an unexpected visit.

Fiormonda was thus left entirely to her own guidance. Indeed, Ada Reis was not much used to watch over the female sex, with a view to admonishing and protecting them; and as he advanced in years, began, as is sometimes the case, to feel her somewhat of a charge and burthen. With her childish sprightliness and infantine caresses, her chief charm in his eyes was gone. He was engrossed by his own favourites; and he now viewed his daughter merely as a means of gratifying his pride and ambition. His love for low society had never left him, nor slackened in the slightest degree; and he preferred dancers, buffoons, and revellers, to viceroys, state, and ceremony.

The Duke of Montevallos, suffering under a hopeless passion, and despairing of success, resolved to quit Lima, and fix his residence in the mother country. He wished, however, to make one more effort to recommend himself to Fiormonda before he bade her farewell for

ever. For this purpose he asked and obtained a last interview. He spoke for some time with calmness, but at length the vehemence of his love broke forth, and in a tone of anguish he demanded of her—" Answer me but this, this one question—Are you to be the wife of Condulmar? Who is he? Has he any right over you? If he has, it is well; I must be satisfied; but if not, let me save you before it be too late."

Fiormonda hesitated.

" You know not," he said, " how cruelly the world speaks of you—you are not happy."

" None can be happy," said Fiormonda, with a sigh, " who act as I have done."

" I will save you."

" My name must never be united to yours," she replied; " there is a shade cast over it would mar your brightness. Go you and pursue your honourable career, and remember these words from one who has made the trial—happiness cannot enter where guilt has been received."

" Guilt," said Montevallos, throwing himself at her feet, " can never have defiled that spotless bosom."

"Alas!" said Fiormonda, mournfully, "you know me not: you judge me by the semblance it has pleased Heaven to endow me with; you judge me, too, by the wealth, the honours, and the pleasures with which I have from infancy been surrounded; but you cannot see into my heart."

"And if I could," said Alphonso, "what should I read there but generous feelings, and benevolence and kindness?"

Fiormonda's tears alone answered the duke's vows and protestations.

Compelled to leave her, he forced himself from her presence in the utmost misery and perturbation. "She is scarce eighteen years of age," he said to himself: "even if seduced from duty, there is time for amendment. Oh! that she were a Christian—that she would kneel and repent! But that atheist, her father, and that evil genius, her lover, to what ruin may they not lead her! If it be possible, I will save her. However misled and perverted by the wickedness of others, could I but gain her consent, I would espouse her on the instant, and rescue her from the evil by which

she is surrounded. Who can this Condulmar be? What can give him the right thus to destroy with impunity the loveliest of human beings? Her altered looks, her downcast eyes, her embarrassment, her floods of tears all too plainly declare the base and cruel malignity of his conduct. He shall either openly acknowledge her to be his wife, or decidedly resign her. I will awaken her father to caution; I will inform him of my more than suspicions; I will win her yet,—by ardent attachment and devotion: yes, I will win her.—For, young as she is, the depravation of her lawless and artful companion cannot have reached the purity of her mind, or degraded and corrupted the original nobleness of her nature."

## CHAPTER II.

Fiormonda had sufficient cause for the bitter tears which she had shed during her interview with the Duke of Montevallos. The conduct of Condulmar was too plain to allow even the most devoted love to deceive itself any longer. Amidst her sorrow and remorse, she had no longer the consolation of believing, that she was preferred or even beloved by him. The beautiful singer, who had lately appeared, of the name of Nirza, and the Princess of Ildebar, a lady of high rank, but of little morality, engrossed all his time; and, after the manner of women, lost no opportunity of displaying power, and of subjecting Fiormonda to as much mortification as possible. There is no man, however unfeeling and remorseless, who does not fear and dislike the reproaches of a woman whom he has injured. This dread made Condulmar avoid seeing Fiormonda alone as much as possible. In public he still paid her attention; such attention as was cal-

culated and intended to proclaim his triumph and the empire which he had established over her. His conversation, when near her, was in the most personal and scornful tone of satire. "Nothing," he would say, "can be more fatiguing than a permanent attachment; a beauty or an heiress are, either of them, the most wearisome of human beings; they are never contented or satisfied: but both characters in one form a compound that is utterly intolerable. We take infinite pains to win a woman's affections exclusively to ourselves, but when they are gained we find them the most troublesome possession with which a man can be encumbered. When one of whom we are enamoured bestows upon another aught of preference, we are apt to suppose the suffering we endure the greatest that can be inflicted upon us; but we shall find that it is nothing when compared to the tedium of having all her affections concentered upon ourselves."

This sarcastic levity increased rather than diminished the infatuation of Fiormonda. She sought him in society, as she could rarely find the opportunity of seeing him otherwise: for

his sake she submitted to the humiliation of courting those with whom he associated ; and the continued round of company, into which her devotion to Condulmar led her, in some measure drove and banished the recollection of her miserable situation from her mind. Involved in the pursuits of this world, she thought not of that which is to come. A hurried life, though not happy in itself, suspends and postpones the day of unhappiness. The pause of quiet that succeeds the return to tranquillity comes attended with remorse and sorrow. The hours that are passed in mourning and prayer are numbered, but the mind takes no heed of time when worldly pleasures are varying every scene, and worldly interests absorb all attention. Fiormonda sought without in a crowd of adulators for that peace of mind she could no longer find within.

Early, very early the next morning, after her interview with Montevallos, she heard beneath her window the step, as she believed, of Condulmar returning from his nightly revels ; she arose in haste, and opening the lat-

tice of her apartment, saw the Duke of Montevallos, who called to her in a tone of reproach and impatience, and urged her to speak one moment with him.

Immediately as he left her, he had hastened in search both of Ada Reis and Condulmar. But they were engaged in those pursuits to which they now devoted the whole of their time; and he had been unable to meet with either of them. At length, two or three hours after midnight, he had entered the coffee-room where the young men of fashion were wont to assemble, instead of returning to their homes. He heard the loud laugh of revellers, and found Condulmar at that hour of the morning drinking with his libertine associates. The subject of the conversation was woman, and, one by one, every fair character was impeached by the profane and dissolute. Princesses, countesses, merchants' wives, were all mercilessly branded with the foulest aspersions. The name of Fiormonda was now hesitatingly pronounced by the captain of the viceroy's guard; with a thousand oaths he protested he believed her at least to be immaculate. Con-

dulmar laughed, and, to the horror and astonishment of Montevallos, boldly proclaimed this paragon of excellence, this pure, cold, and chaste daughter of Ada Reis, this spotless maiden, who had refused the hand of so many great and powerful dukes and princes, to be his mistress; voluntarily and almost unsolicited to have resigned herself to him, and to be more the object of his contempt and indifference than of his love. In the first impulse of his wrath, Montevallos clapped his hand to his sword, but recollection of the exposure to which any rash step upon his part would subject Fiormonda, restrained his indignation, and he withdrew, sensible of the difficulty of his situation, and undetermined how to act; deeply wounded and irritated, but at the same time confounded and overcome. In this temper of mind he hastened on until he found himself in the open square near the viceroy's palace; his servants were there awaiting him. He dismissed them, and walked beneath the windows of the house of Ada Reis: the lattice opened; he heard Fiormonda's voice.

"Condulmar," she said, "is it you?"

"No, by heavens!" he answered, "it is a wretch, a madman! and if you would not have me destroy myself, or expose you to the scorn of the whole world, see me for one moment."

Fiormonda looked from beneath the veranda, and with that look of innocence seen so often on the brow of childhood, she gazed upon him, surprised and struck with the vehemence of his agitation. She was scarcely dressed; her dark blue eyes, with their black rims and jetty fringe, as if awakened by the hasty step of one she expected, spoke of love, it is true, but the love an infant might have felt; and impurity vanished from every thought even upon beholding her: her dark rich locks fell carelessly upon her white neck, and her still whiter robe, clasped in front, which showed nor art nor care; all was simple nature. Yet she wore bracelets adorned with jewels, and a brooch made of the hair of Condulmar.

"He has wronged her," said the duke, gazing upon her. "I will tell her what the

traitor has dared to say : I will save her from the seducer's grasp, and bear her away to my own country as my bride. She is innocent! I see it, I feel it ; for purity and virtue show themselves in every look."

Fiormonda now descended the stairs, opened the door of the house, and stepped half fearfully towards the duke; she had thrown her veil over her head and face. "I am doing wrong," she said ; "I am acting an imprudent part: but I feel for your agitation ; and at this hour of the morning I may converse with you a few moments, perhaps, without interruption. What mean you by those horrid expressions? Why do you appear thus moved, and why looks your eye so wild? Were I not used to Condulmar in these moods, you would terrify me."

"Do not name him, I conjure you!"

"I am aware," said Fiormonda, "that you hate him on account of his once great attachment for me ; but did I indeed possess the power over your affections which you say I do, would you not at my request, and for my sake, moderate the violence of your feelings?"

The duke now informed Fiormonda of what

had passed. " And tell me," he said, " tell me, can you ever forgive the wretch who thus has dared to defame you? Say, at least," he cried emphatically, " say that he is false, and that you are chaste and innocent, as I believe you to be—as you now look. Speak !"

Fiormonda was greatly agitated.

" Say," continued Alphonso, his voice broken by the violence of his emotion, " that the beautiful semblance of all that is honourable and lovely in woman, the flower and blooming rose of this fair city, has not a canker in the bud : say that your young heart is chaste, that those lips, those eyes . ."

" Oh, spare your commendations ! Your praise, sir, makes me sad. You have learned much, I think, amongst kings and courtiers."

" And have you learned nothing there, madam?"

" I know not what you mean."

" Happy innocence !" said Alphonso, bitterly.

Fiormonda made a motion as if to depart ; the duke seized her arm. " By what power do you detain me ?"

" By the power of love, wrought up to madness," he cried : " by the feelings of injured love and desperation !"

" Will you harm me ?"

" Not for worlds !"

" What do you wish ?"

" To save you."

" It is too late."

" Is it possible?—Oh, Fiormonda ! can guilt put on the appearance of such innocence ? Can early youth admit of such perversion ?"

" I am miserable !"

" How long—oh ! how long, have you been the prey of this monster ?"

" Call him not so harshly :—how long ?—Too long, sir, for my peace of mind."

" You have a proud spirit :—does it not kindle into wrath within you, when you remember how he has repaid you ? You weep : do you not hate him now ?"

" It is a hard task to learn to hate, when we have once loved too well ; but I own that I feel some resentment. I feel that I was worth more than the price for which I have sold myself—I see others, whom I consider as less

than myself, set up above me—I love, too, and . . . . ."

" Have you no regard for your fair name? Can you bear to hear the sneer of the multitude, to be the laughter of men; the jest, the scorn, the word of reproach amongst women; to find yourself the sport of slander; you, who have been flattered, followed, extolled beyond even your rare deserts? Can you outlive the world's contempt?"

" I have outlived his love: after that I can endure any thing."

" If you think you can endure the world's contempt; if you believe, that you value not its opinion; be sure, unhappy Fiormonda, that you deceive yourself. Too powerful is that world to be opposed; too precious its good report to be despised. It is pleasant and honourable to be loved and commended. A woman's name should be sacred; it should be rarely thrust upon the public notice; and whenever it is drawn from its sacred and pure retreat, modesty and dignity should surround it. You are running the career which many have run before you: you are throwing away

your fair name, before you know its value and importance; throwing away that character which you will pass the remainder of your days in deeply regretting, and seeking in vain to recover and re-establish. Can it be possible? are you——"

"Say nothing more, sir; I wish you every happiness: but when I refused your hand, I told you I was not worthy of your devoted attachment. Go, now, and every blessing attend you! Leave me to my fate, and judge me not."

"Not judge you! Who should be judged, if you are not? Who possessed your advantages, your understanding? Who might have filled, more worthily, the loftiest situation? —For shame! for shame! Break this disgraceful connexion! Away with those bands, and braids, and jewels; the opprobrious tokens of dishonest love. Put on sackcloth and ashes;—kneel in the church; do penance in thy solitude. But I am mad, I know not what I say. I swear to be revenged!"

"On whom?"

"On you—on him—on Ada Reis!"

"There is vengeance enough here," said Fiormonda: "seek thou for no more. Sufficient punishment is it for me to have lost his affections."

At this avowal Alphonso could trust himself no further; he hurried from her, and passed rapidly forward; but upon approaching to the bridge, he paused, for straight before him, with a cold and haughty air, he beheld Condulmar; and he was for a moment checked by the perfect tranquillity of his manner.

The mist of morning had dispersed, the sun's all-glorious rays shone full upon the desperate features of that mysterious stranger, who seemed neither to seek nor shun the present interview.

"You have wronged," began the duke, "the sweetest and fairest lady the earth ever saw; you have profaned her name, and disgraced yourself for ever."

"I seek not your good opinion," said Condulmar; "nor shall I account for my words or my actions to a madman."

"If I am mad," said Alphonso, "you have

driven me to it; stand—prepare yourself—one of us shall die on the instant."

"You have no right over me: I scorn and pity you; I will not fight for that which I have obtained without risk or trouble."

"But you shall expiate your crime thus," said the furious duke, rushing upon him, and attempting to stab him. Condulmar calmly struck the weapon from his hand. Alphonso, baffled and astonished, regarded his antagonist with something of apprehension. "What are you?" he cried: "I adjure you meet me as a man meets man."

Condulmar smiled—Alphonso leapt forward to grapple with him. Condulmar opposed coolness to his fury, and seizing the frantic youth by the arm, threw him to the earth, saying, "Foolish boy, beware whom you attack." His head struck with violence upon the edge of a projecting marble; he fell motionless. Condulmar watched him—approached him—raised him up—felt that his pulse had ceased to beat, that life was extinct. "What have I done? Is this death—can it

be ?" he cried, contemplating his lifeless antagonist for some moments—" Will the silence which has followed such vehement and loud parley be eternal? Is that energy of character, and that activity of frame at an end thus, and for ever, in one instant? Are those fierce passions, that ardent faithful love, the thoughts that passed so rapidly through that romantic mind, the palpitating heart, the eager hurried tone of voice—is all terminated, all quiet, and am I the murderer?" Condulmar now looked around him. The sun already shone bright above the horizon ;—the people were passing to and fro, and the city began to stir with the daily occupations of its inhabitants. The street in which he stood was still lonely and deserted :—its stillness amidst the general movement appalled him for a moment, but collecting himself, he left the spot without delay, returned to the house of Ada Reis, sought his own apartment, and there awaited the event.

With the early morn, the news of the death of Montevallos spread through the city ; and

a burst of grief and generous sympathy sprung from every heart. From the wound he had received, and the place in which the body had been found, it was difficult to ascertain the cause and manner of his death; but it was generally supposed that it had been his own act, and that the unkindness of Fiormonda had driven him to despair. His romantic attachment was known to many; every circumstance that could interest was recalled to mind; all pitied, all sympathised with him who was no more, and the murmur became general against the cold and cruel girl who had, as it was supposed, driven him to his untimely end. The anguish of her feelings may be imagined, when the recollection of their recent conversation recurred to her mind, and with that recollection the bitter thought that the knowledge of her degraded state, and the misery of ill-requited love, had occasioned and hastened the dreadful catastrophe.

The day ensuing, the corpse lay in state. The viceroy ordered a general mourning; the festive dance and song were discontinued;

the theatres were closed; and at the hour of night-fall the whole of the nobility, and amongst the rest Condulmar, serious, but collected, followed the funeral of the much-lamented youth.

## CHAPTER III.

Fiormonda sat at her window, and saw the procession pass : the light of the torches fell upon the beautiful features of Alphonso. She watched the funeral train ; she heard the tolling of the distant knell ; she felt that she had lost a faithful friend, one who, when slander was busy with her name, would have risked his life to defend her. She now lamented the want of firm principle she had shown ; she then thought with regret upon the ill conduct of Condulmar ; but love was still in her young heart the predominant feeling ; she felt with ardour, and she knew not the vanity, the transitory nature, the little importance of all these illusions : she knew not of how little profit, of how little even pleasure it is to yield up the affections of the heart and soul to any one in this world, be he even really possessed of all the grace, talent, and beauty we imagine in him ; for in the end he will merely betray the heart which doats upon him, and

mock at the devotion which has served to feed and gratify his vanity. To hate is wiser than to love ; but the wisest is to do neither. Better is it to pursue our course upon the earth as the blind mole does beneath its surface, working our way, without seeking or attaching ourselves to aught, that like ourselves, is but dust.

Fiormonda continued at her window, restless and melancholy, expecting one who came not ; she felt oppressed by the intense heat of the atmosphere. She arose ; she approached her table ; she wrote a letter, then tore it—it was filled with reproaches, and of what use were reproaches ? She struck her harp—the notes reminded her of times past, and brought with them the remembrance of her past life. The singular events of her youth recurred ; she recollected her guardian spirit, his care, and his admonitions ; she wished again to see him ; she sung the song he loved ; she thought how happy and pure she once had been, and she suffered her tears to flow without restraint. At that moment, a refreshing breeze blew upon her from the open window,

and a note, sweet as that of a distant horn, sounded from below.

If there be in souls a sympathy with sounds, so that the chime of the village bells can melt the heart by awakening the memory; if that simple air, played by the Swiss mountaineer upon his pipe, which calls the herds at evening to their home, can in a distant land make the firm soldier forget and abandon his duty, it is no wonder that Fiormonda dwelt fixed and absorbed as these words were sung by a voice at once familiar and dear:

In every thought, in every strain,
Though I perchance am far from thee,
And we must never meet again:
Though I may only weep for thee,
Sing not for others, but for me.

My spirit still is hovering nigh!
Then breathe for me that sacred sigh;
The sacred sigh, the thrilling tone,
Which tells of time for ever gone;
Oh, when the heart's tear dims thine eye,
Think that my spirit hovers nigh.

In starry night or soft moonbeam,
By mossy bank or rippling stream,

In balmy breeze, in fragrant flower,
Though dearer hands may deck thy bower;
In all that's sweet or fair to thee,
Think not of others, but of me.

If e'er thou sing'st thy native lay,
As thou wert wont in happier day;
That lay which breathed of love and truth,
And all the joys of early youth;
Though all those joys are past for thee,
Sing not for others, but for me.

I've mark'd the struggles of thy mind,
Like bird in gilded cage confined;
Vain was the costly jewell'd chain—
The heart breathed forth a mournful strain;
The spirit panted to be free—
And I could only weep for thee.

Farewell! Alas, I may no more
Than weep and blame—and yet adore.
Thy hour is come—I cannot save—
But we shall meet beyond the grave:
The sinner's prayer may reach to Heaven:
Pray then, and mayst thou be forgiven.

"And I will pray," said Fiormonda, kneeling. She did so, and a calm she had not felt for a length of time pervaded her whole frame. She threw herself upon her bed; but the

thought of Condulmar again returned ;—twice she started from her couch and listened to catch again the voice, as she deemed it, of her long-lost guardian spirit.

It was not yet midnight. Fiormonda's mind had not been affected and heated by romances and tales of spectres ; yet an indescribable horror took possession of her mind at this particular moment. She had witnessed the sudden death of one who loved her passionately ; the thought of it chilled her. "Alphonso," she said, "art thou no more—thou who wert so young, so gay, so handsome, and so much beloved? How often have I seen thee the first in the dance, in the chase," and even (so weak is woman) whilst my heart was Condulmar's, how even I added my tribute of admiration to the general voice!" As she thus lamented him, she felt, as it were, the breath of some one near her : there was in the chamber that deep stillness, which can impress awe upon the mind, even when occupied with overwhelming grief. The light of the moon faintly illumined the apartment, and by that pale light there appeared a dark substance, a

gathering mist, which slowly embodied itself, until plain before her stood the shade of Montevallos! His countenance was mournful: his hand was raised to his temple, as if he still suffered from the mortal wound. In a low voice, at length he spoke, "Fiormonda, prepare thyself: be not alarmed; but repent, for death is at hand."

She looked fixedly upon him; she had no power to avert her eyes: her very heart trembled, whilst her limbs were fixed under the influence of preternatural awe.

The low sepulchral voice again addressed her; "Fiormonda, awaken from the delusions of life; thou hast sinned beyond thy years: repent, for even now sincere repentance may avail."

"I have not sinned," she cried; "he—he first——"

"This will not avail thee," said Montevallos, mournfully; "I also have sinned. We believed not in our hearts the true faith; we prayed not for strength in the hour of temptation; we thought it little to yield to the violence of our passions; to live alone for love,

—for pleasure,—for hurry, and amusement. Prepare thyself to answer for every word, for every thought, for every neglect: for where I am, there is no respect paid to persons; neither the soft voice, nor the bright eye, nor youth, nor beauty, nor fashion, nor rank availeth: humility, charity, faith, forgiveness of injuries, are virtues here."

"And must I, who am so young, die?" said Fiormonda: "will no further time be allowed me?"

"No further."

"Will Condulmar——"

At the mention of his name, the shade passed mournfully away.

"He did not slay thee?" said Fiormonda, rising with frantic eagerness from her couch: "he is too good, too kind!—Speak, yet once more!—nay, thus, thus let me retain thee." Her arms clasped themselves, as she thought, around Alphonso; but terror unparalleled overpowered her, when, by a sudden light which now blazed through the chamber, she saw before her, laughing with horrid malignity, not Alphonso, but the fiend Kabkarra!

"Thou art mine! Thou art mine!" he cried.

Fiormonda fainted. She recovered, and in the distance, as in a picture, she thought she beheld Condulmar laughing and drinking with his abandoned low associates in the house of his new favourite, Nirza. Her father was with them—she seemed to hear their loud mirth, whilst a long procession, clad in black, floated ever and anon before her. The knell for Alphonso now distinctly rung upon her ear; the torches blazed, when again loud laughter and merriment was heard. Suddenly, there passed before her, in all her seductive charms, the Princess of Ildebar!—Now, now she aroused herself. All had been a dream! She was alone—she was disconsolate, and what had really appeared to her distracted fancy, and what had not, she could not tell. It was near upon day-break—she had slept long: she arose, and returned to the window she had remained at the preceding evening. She thought again to hear the soothing voice of her guardian attendant, she thought to breathe the fresh reviving air of the early morn,

and watch the all-glorious sun in its first brilliant beams; she thought too, perhaps, again to see the shade of Alphonso; and thus watching, thus listening, she heard, as will frequently be the lot of those who look for supernatural events or celestial sounds, in their stead, only peals of laughter—the rude and noisy laughter of unlicensed revellers, when reason has fled, and nothing is left of man, except that laughter, to distinguish him from the brute he without reason despises. She stared. Another laugh, loud and lawless, again proceeded from an abandoned crew, whom she now perceived approaching the house. Amidst them she was shocked to recognise her father and Condulmar, both of them heated with wine, and crowned with ivy and vine. They were preceded by musicians, and surrounded by maskers, buffoons, dancers, and actresses, who were conducting them home in licentious triumph from their nocturnal orgies. Condulmar was walking by the beautiful Nirza, whilst Fleur de Rose (a pretty Parisian dancer) and Ada Reis followed them, supported by her husband, a

French coiffeur, who was vaunting his art, and offering to dress Ada Reis according to the fashion of his country. In the mean time, the bravura song of the singers was accompanied by guitars and tambourines.

As the procession approached the house, Ada Reis, perceiving Fiormonda, declared it to be in her honour, affirming that this should be her wedding-day. "Ay," said Condulmar, "we have attended my only rival to the grave, and I am now returned" (he said, with cruel mockery,) "to espouse thee, Fiormonda."

Fiormonda turned with desperate grief from such a scene.

The custom of rejoicing upon the night of any great funeral was common at Lima, as in many other places, but it was seldom that any person of rank assisted at these lawless revels.

Condulmar's familiar air, his jests, lowered from the refinement of wit to the vulgar coarseness of his society, his indifference shown so plainly either to Fiormonda's conduct or her reputation, his perverted laugh of

malignity and scorn, were all so many causes of misery to the woman who still adored him with the folly, enthusiasm, and romance of raw and unadvised youth; and who even now, notwithstanding his manner, notwithstanding the associates by whom he was surrounded, was soothed in some measure because she saw him again. For the passion of jealousy in young minds breeds no withering principle as in later years: desire of revenge, deadly hatred, envy, malice, find no harbour in tender open hearts; these love and break; but as life advances, and as bitterness mingles with disappointment, fiercer thoughts spring up. Fiormonda, however, knew only how to love.

"By the by," said Condulmar, addressing the Parisian hair-dresser as he entered Ada Reis's apartment with all his Bacchanalian rout following him, and there met Fiormonda, who had come forward to receive him, "here is a chevelure worthy of your attention; these long dark tresses, I should imagine, are such as you were speaking of. See how well this head is set upon this white and

unmatched bust. Fiormonda, put off some of your gravity, and amuse yourself awhile: here is a gentleman who has been dressing me, as he calls it, à l'aile de pigeon,[2] and Ada Reis au coup de vent. Mademoiselle seroit mieux, n'est-ce pas," he continued, "coiffée avec ses grosses boucles en repentir." The hair-dresser replied respectfully, "Mademoiselle est bien comme elle est." Condulmar continued, the newest of all fashions was, he heard, at Paris, to be drest en désespéré; but that would not do for him.

They then called for refreshments, and seating themselves around a table, ate dried sweetmeats, and drank mareschino with cream; after which, in a loud chorus, they sung wild and licentious songs, until they retired, long after daybreak, to bed: and this, this was the night, or sooner the day, after the interment of the young and noble Montevallos!

## CHAPTER IV.

He who with open force and by desperate deeds obtains the object of his guilty wishes does not harm his victim to the same degree as he, who, by consummate art and flattery, seduces a reluctant mind, and corrupts the purity of the soul. Fiormonda's mind was perverted, and she resigned herself to her love more than to her grief. Yet the first time she had an opportunity of speaking to her lover alone, she reproached him with bitterness for his conduct. "My dear friend," said Condulmar, "how it grieves me to hear these complaints! After all, c'est mieux d'être l'objet du caprice d'une femme que de sa passion, et le pire de tout c'est d'être l'objet de son amour."

"There is something," said Fiormonda, "in that French language, in its phrase, in its tone, which mocks at truth, and violates even virtue itself, forcing her into the train and

service of vice. Their love, their sentiment, their expressions of passion, their professions of attachment, are all frivolous, heartless, and corrupt. When I was dear to thee," said she, trying to smile, "it was in Italian, in Spanish, in my father's language, thou didst speak to me."

"Quarrel not with the French language," said Condulmar: "it can express love in all its pathos and beauty as well, if not better, than any other; but in good truth, why should we make miseries for ourselves, seeing that so many are already inflicted upon us? Heaven knows, youth and happiness last not long: why should we, by anxiety and ill-temper, misemploy the one and mar the other? Love should be light, gay, and joyful; a pleasure and an amusement. By the importance we attach to it, and the violent passions with which we associate it, we make it the most serious of occupations, and the heaviest of cares."

"Well, then, we will be merry, if such be thy desire," said Fiormonda, mournfully; "I will speak French, too, if it please thee: yet

in that language, entre l'amour et la mort, the difference is but of two letters."

"This is an idle conceit," said Condulmar.

"All is over!" said Fiormonda. "I shall not, however, as you have told me the fond Englishwomen do, annoy you by sighs and tears, by whining complaint and vexatious jealousy: it is done—you have struck here—you have ended all;—I esteem, I admire, I love you no longer!"

"Then wherefore do my liaisons with Fleur de Rose and Nirza give you pain? and wherefore, my dearest child, do you mind if the Princess of Ildebar makes me some little dédommagemens for your coldness?"

Fiormonda turned from Condulmar with proud contempt. "These are," she thought, "unworthy rivals for me. Their names will be forgotten when mine is celebrated, though their insults and unkindness send me to the grave. In beauty, in talents, in understanding, in heart, they are my inferiors; yet for them I am abandoned. Oh! what a lesson of humility is this! What are the gifts of nature?

What is the devotion of love? The first new features, the first gay vision, that passes by, leads away, in triumph, the affections which we have passed years in seeking to secure. I gave thee, Condulmar, my virgin heart; I gave thee the purity of my youth; I gave thee the freshness of the affections, and the entire possession of a mind, let me tell thee, equal to thine own!—All these thou hast renounced;—for me thou hast blighted all below!" As she spoke, a transient feeling of ambition and revenge, passions not congenial to her nature, sprung up in her bosom, and for a moment appeared to supplant the softer feelings she had so long cherished.

Under such adverse and mortifying circumstances, the hand, which she had refused to the young and ardent Montevallos, she began to entertain the idea of bestowing upon the Marquis de Santa Spina, who was destined by the general voice to be the succeeding viceroy of Peru. "I know," she again thought within herself, "I know the conduct which will make Condulmar love me as he used. He shall see me at the head of the society he

courts. For his sake I have neglected the forms to which others are slaves. I have thought only of him; they have thought of the world. The Princess of Ildebar, who now passes me with such insolence of contempt, shall do me homage."

As these thoughts shot through her mind, Condulmar turned suddenly round, and fixed his eyes triumphantly upon her. "Do so," he cried, as if reading her soul; "and I myself will carry the welcome news to the future viceroy. Do so, once beloved Fiormonda;—'tis well, 'tis well. Those who are ever casting back a retrospective eye, doom themselves, in a world like this, to everlasting repining and regret. Let our hopes tend forward to that which has not been. The past has flown for me, like a dream, and left nothing but weariness and fatigue behind. 'Tis well that at length thou driest thy tears, and takest these mischances proudly, as becomes thee. I love not your weak watery plants:—the streaming eye has small power over me. I have read in verse of women looking lovely through their tears, but in

nature I have always found them produce a contrary effect."

"Yet the full heart will find a vent or break," said Fiormonda.

"Let the latter be its choice," replied Condulmar: "inconstancy is a great evil, and causes many woes, I admit it; but it is in our nature, and admits of no remedy. Many idle rhapsodies, much bad poetry, many scenes of absurd violence and desperation, would have been saved, had it been generally known, for truth, that when two hearts, which have loved passionately, sever, they never can re-unite. We either die in the agony of the struggle, or recover, as I have, our reason and our calmness."

"These are hard truths, if as truths they must be admitted," said Fiormonda.

"It is a pity," continued Condulmar; "but in this world, all that is bright and fair must perish. The sweet scent of the rose—the maiden's blush—the infantine smile of childhood—the bloom of spring, which adorns every shrub and tree, as with a magic wand—all fades, even whilst we are gazing upon its

beauty, and inhaling its fragrance. We must submit to the law of our nature, and endure the condition of our existence."

"Endure then my tears," said Fiormonda.

"Be it so," replied Condulmar: "weep if thou wilt, and I will sing to thee the while.

Weep for what thou hast lost, love!
Weep for what thou hast won;
Weep for what thou didst not do,
And more for what thou hast done.

Time that's gone returneth never;
Keen repentance lasteth ever.
Heart that's pierced refuseth gladness:
Melancholy causeth madness.

Yet if tears avail not,
Tears of fond regret;
Arm thy mind, and, proudly, girl!
Endeavour to forget.

Shouldst thou spend thy days in grieving,
What is past there's no retrieving.
Once the hour of passion over,
Tear nor frown recalls a lover.

Weep for what thou hast lost, love!
Weep for what thou hast won;
Weep for what thou didst not do,
And more for what thou hast done."

"Ah, sing not now," said Fiormonda: "once thy sweet full voice was my delight; once I lived but upon thy song, and thy enchanting smile; but now all is over, and all I now ask is one sympathising sigh, nay, one last embrace, and then farewell for ever!"

"It shall be so," said Condulmar, embracing her, "and thou shalt learn to sing with me after this fashion.

DUET.

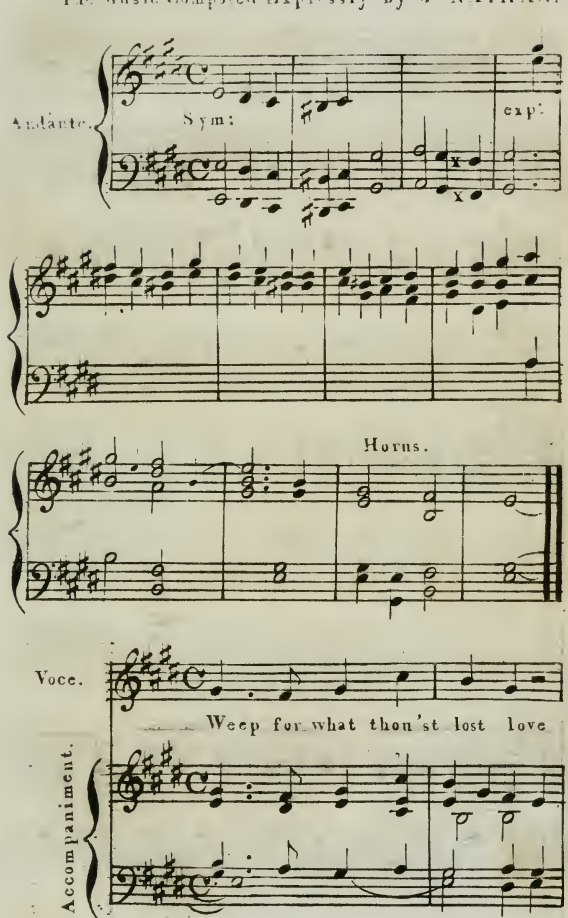
"The kiss that's on thy lip impress'd
Is cold as parting kiss should be;
And he who clasps thee to his breast
Again can never feel for thee:
The chain I gave—a true-love token—
Thou see'st in every link is broken.
Then, since 'tis so, 'twere best to part;
I here renounce the oaths I swore;
Correct thy faults, amend thy heart,
And let us meet no more.

THE ANSWER.

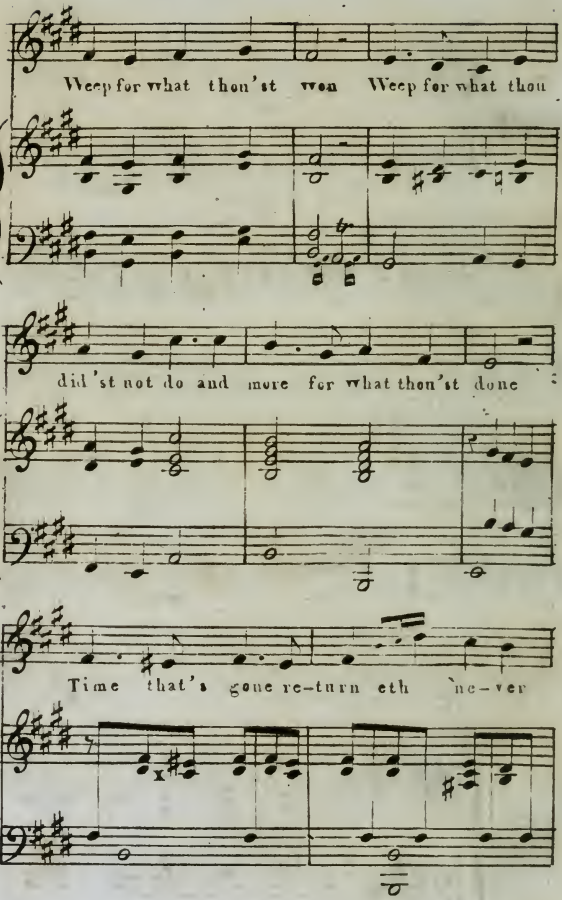
"I go: but ere I go from thee,
Give back what thou hast ta'en from me—
A heart that knew nor care nor guile,
A parent's fond approving smile,

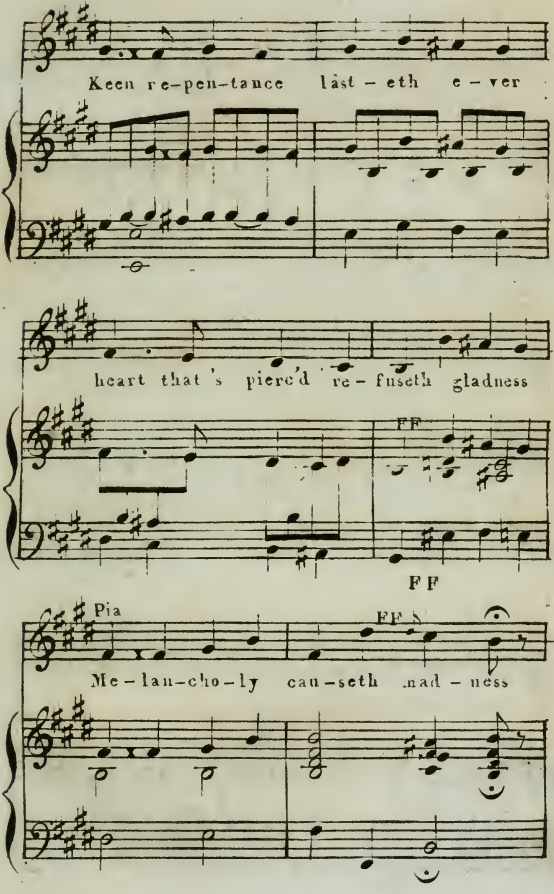
# ADA REIS

The Music Composed Expressly by Mr NATHAN.



# ADA REIS


Weep for what thou'st won Weep for what thou
did'st not do and more for what thou'st done
Time that's gone re-turn eth ne-ver


Keen re-pen-tance last-eth e-ver
heart that's pierc'd re-fuseth gladness
FF
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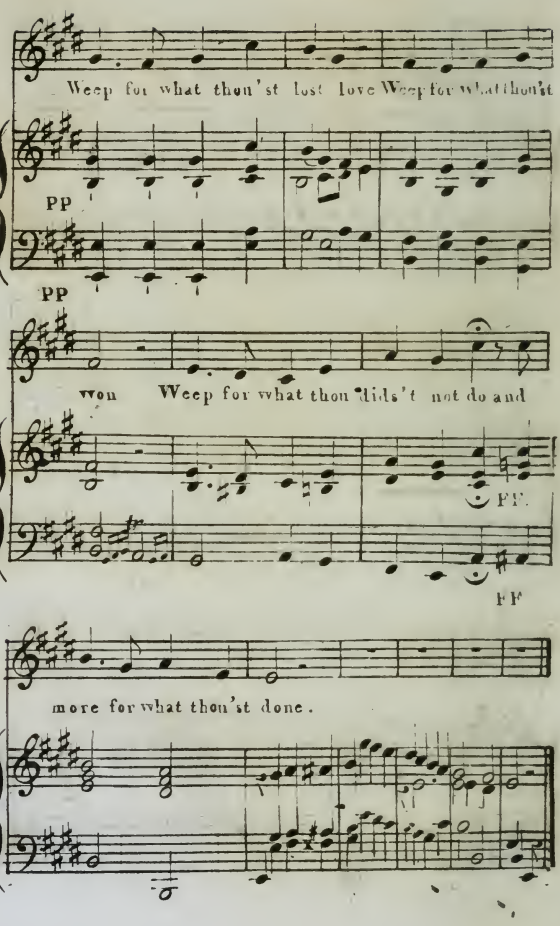
Me-lan-cho-ly cau-seth mad-ness


Weep for what thou'st lost love Weep for what thou'st
PP
PP
won Weep for what thou'dids't not do and
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more for what thou'st done.

The hopes which dared aspire to heaven—
Give these, and thou shalt be forgiven.
Take back the ring, take back the chain;
Thy gifts, thy oaths, I will resign:
Take back thy heart, since pledged in vain,
But, oh! restore what once was mine!

"Hope not for this, thy course is run;
All that is left thee is to die.
The dew drops with the setting sun,
And see the winds pass scornful by:
So when thou'rt left by me, thou 'lt find
The world as scornful as the wind.
A stamp is set upon thy name,
A blight clouds o'er thy early fame.
There's nothing now thy fate can save:
Live scorn'd—or hide thee in the grave!

And so, farewell! once best-beloved Fiormonda."

## CHAPTER V.

The last sound of Condulmar's deep-toned mellow voice yet rung upon the ears of Fiormonda, as, leaning her head upon her hand, the clustering locks fell over her face, and entirely concealed her weeping eyes and the struggles of her countenance. Ada Reis entered, his air wild and terrified. "Didst hear nothing?" he cried. "Hast seen nothing?" he said, darting by her. "Hark!— Again!— Look! look from thy casement!"

A lurid beam burst from the dense clouds; a noise, loud and terrible, aroused every inhabitant of the house. Condulmar returned, calm and with a smile. The heat was intense; the forked lightning flashed along the skies; screams rent the air; the terrified slaves and menials rushed into the presence of their master, kneeling and quaking. The howling of dogs was then heard: strange and dismal sounds filled the air: a sulphurous smell infected the streets: the beasts of burthen,

as they passed along, seemed scarcely able to sustain themselves under the loads they bore. In the market-place, in the grand square, the gardens and plains, adjoining the town, the terrified inhabitants had assembled together, lamenting aloud, and saying the last day was at hand. The churches were suddenly filled; and of whatever religion,—catholics, protestants, heretics, and pagans, prostrated themselves before the altars, fearful of they knew not what menaced danger.

Condulmar addressed himself to Ada Reis, and proposed that before it was too late, they should fly from this state of horror and alarm, and remove, as quickly as possible, to Callao. There the fresh breeze would probably alleviate the burning heat, and from thence they should be able to put to sea, and escape from the terrors which now surrounded them. With great difficulty they induced their attendants to exert themselves, so far as to take the measures necessary for their departure: and when, at length, they did set out, the heat was so excessive, that the journey could not be accomplished under several hours.

Arrived at Callao, they found the scene there, if possible, more terrific than at Lima. Never had the sun arisen upon greater calamity. The whole population of the place were assembled upon the beach; parents clasping their children, and husbands their wives, and all invoking Heaven for mercy and compassion.

The night proved more sultry and oppressive than the day had been;—cattle and dogs traversed the country alone, in wild affright: children wept, they knew not why: strangers inquired of each other the meaning of these terrible portents; many fled from the city and fort of Callao, and betook themselves to sea; but Ada Reis was of opinion, that to attempt the sea in its present state were more dangerous than to remain on land, for the whole sky was of a purple tint, and the waves, with a still swell, seemed rising above the level of the shore. Subterraneous noises were heard the whole of the day, sometimes resembling the bellowing of oxen, and at others the discharge of artillery, or thunder rattling at a distance.

At eight o'clock that evening, Fiormonda having been left alone in her chamber, arose to seek Condulmar : the floor rocked beneath her feet ; in speechless terror she threw herself upon a couch. Condulmar entered, and she reposed her head helplessly upon his arm.

In a short time Ada Reis joined them ; and even at such a moment they could not abstain from impious raillery and profane jesting. "Should the earth quake, I will not," said Ada Reis.—At that instant a tremendous shock threw Fiormonda forward, and in the next, a concussion so violent ensued, that the building broke asunder into ruins. Ada Reis heard a voice—a shriek as of a dying woman sounded near him ; he saw a mist, a cloud, and heard a convulsive laugh ; an eye terrible and fiery glared upon him—the word Kabkarra!!! was pronounced. The concussion was repeated : sulphurous flames broke forth from the bosom of the earth ; then at once were heard, on all sides, the screams of the dying, the roaring of thunder, the wild howling of animals, the crash of churches, palaces, buildings, toppling one upon another, all in a moment destroyed,

and burying under them their miserable inhabitants.

The fort of Callao sunk into ruins; the ocean receding to a considerable distance, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with the violence of the convulsion, and the whole country became as a sea—the multitudinous waters covering all that had so lately been fair streets and stately buildings.

Cavallos and Guanape, and the towns of Chancay and Guaura, and the valleys Della Branca, Sape, and Pativilca, all underwent the same fate.

At that hour the fair and beautiful city of Lima, [3] with its cathedral, its edifices, and all its grandeur, was overwhelmed and annihilated. The labour of architects, the masterpieces of painting, the pride, the wonder, the glory of men returned to the dust, from which it had been raised: thus showing the little worth and durability of all human possessions, and the vanity and folly of fixing our affections and interests upon any thing in this transitory and fleeting world.

Ada Reis was struck to the earth, amidst

the fragments of the mansion, in which he had sought for refuge; yet a preternatural power seemed to support him. As soon as he could again rise, he rushed forward, and was carried by the whirlwind far out into the sea. When he opened his eyes, he found himself floating upon its bosom. He raised his head and gazed around him. The angry heavens appeared like one vast sheet of fire. Of the strong fort of Santa Cruz one huge and massive fragment had resisted the general ruin, and stood erect and unbroken amidst the rolling of the waves and the conflict of the elements. So was it with the mind of Ada Reis in that vast struggle and general confusion; for he retained the full possession of his senses, whilst his eyes gazed upon the fearful scene. And now suddenly he beheld before him the gaunt figure of an Indian, supporting himself upon a broken buttress, holding an arrow; and he heard him thus address himself to the sun :—"Oh, sun! thou father of our king, covered as thou art with the veil of unnatural night, and warred upon even to destruction by the rebellious elements, I, thus cast to the disposal of the

powerful and pitiless waters, still call upon thee to hear my vow. By the poison of the herb which anoints the steel of my arrow—by the bones of my dead father—I swear I will yet seek and destroy my country's foe:—not the horrors of the ocean—not the fury of thy intense heat—not the crash of cities, nor the dissolution of nations around me can diminish or divert my wrath. I must slay him, even at the feast of Vitziliputzly. For me there is tranquil existence neither here nor hereafter, if Ciulactly escape my vengeance; and if he fall in the course of nature or by any other hand than mine, I shall not be revenged, for he will have escaped me. Oh, mightiest! spare him, spare him, that I may dye my hands red in the blood of his heart."

Scarce had the Indian spoken these words, when a shock, more violent than the former, forced him from his hold, and plunged him again into the waves. Ada Reis clung to him in the effort; and clasped together, as is usual with drowning men, they were, with the returning ocean, forced onwards to the shore. The convulsion, stronger than any of the pre-

ceding, which let loose the sea from its natural bounds, and drove one of the vessels in the port many miles forward upon the land,[4] threw, in the same direction, the bodies of Ada Reis and the Indian, where they remained stunned and senseless. Ada Reis had continued longer in a state of insensibility had he not been aroused by a shout of triumph from his companion, over the desolation which had been spread around. He was exulting in the attainment of his wishes; boasting that the sun had heard his prayer, and that at his request Lima had been destroyed.

"Christians they were," he exclaimed; "and merciless tyrants. The blood of the natives of his own fair country was on their heads. Him they had chained, until liberated by nature herself, because he disdained to submit to their domination, as he had disdained to bow even to the power of the Incas.[5] Months upon months had he suffocated in the prisons of their inquisition; but his secret curses, he boasted, had now taken effect; his prayers had been heard; his gods had listened to him, because he had been wronged. The

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world was convulsed to give him liberty, and assist him to his revenge."

Thus reasoned the infatuated savage, and Ada Reis, desolate and solitary, almost envied him the blindness of his violence, and regretted that he, too, had not some master-passion to stimulate and hurry him on, for now all appeared gloom and apathy before him. What to him now were the long list of sciences he had learned—what his riches, power, former strength—what even the remembrance of his child, for whom all his love now revived, and whose form, like that of an angel, arose in his fancy as he had seen her last. Vain was it that he had dived into the depths of philosophy, metaphysics, morals, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, astronomy, meteorology, psychology, painting, music, sculpture, architecture, agriculture, and political economy; commerce, manufactures, crystallography, zoology, anatomy, surgery, pharmacy, and medicine. He was now at the end of his career. "Blood will have blood," he cried; "the evil predominates; I am lost, and my child, my Fiormonda, my innocent, my tender,

my white-bosomed, blue-eyed comforter,—where, where art thou?"

Some poor Indians who heard the distant sound of his lamentations, towards evening approached the sufferers, and attended them with kindness and hospitality. They restored them by their care, and shared with them their meal, matalotage and maize.[6] They expressed no terror at the earthquake;—it was past now;—cities, and towns, and forts, had been destroyed, without its occasioning in them either regret or surprise; their humble huts had remained secure, their dog still lived, and they were perfectly indifferent as to what others had suffered beyond the narrow circle of their native village. Ada Reis wished to partake of their ignorance—of their philosophy; but the recollection of his wealth and his grandeur, of his menials, his companions, and his daughter, disquieted him: and he was anxious to return to the spot upon which Lima had stood, that he might seek for all that he had lost.

The Indian proposed a contrary course. This strange and stern being exercised over

him an influence which he could not resist. Ada Reis felt the passions of his companion communicated to himself, and almost sympathised with his thirst for revenge. The dark eyes of the Indian rolled restlessly, and his large muscular arms worked with agitation until they began their journey: but when they set forth, he yelled with triumph, and laughed with exulting joy.

## CHAPTER VI.

For many days Ada Reis and the Indian traversed vast savannahs, and deep woods of plantain. The natives, as soon as they beheld them, brought the *vi-jahua*? leaves, and erected huts for their reception; so pleased were they to see and to show courtesy to those whom they believed to be superior to themselves.

The beauties and wonders of nature met Ada Reis and his companion at every step of their journey. At one time a beautiful cascade opened upon their delighted view: at another there yawned beneath their feet a deep precipice, over which they had to pass by a bridge, formed of a single tree, so narrow and so unsteady that they could scarcely maintain their footing upon it; then on a sudden the land teemed with all the rich beauty of cultivation; whilst fields of wheat, barley, and maize, diversified the scene. The climate, too, was as various as the view: at

times they suffered from the piercing cold and drenching mist, and at others from the burning heat. Hundreds of wild peacocks, bustards, pheasants, resting upon the tops of trees of enormous height, now attracted their attention; whilst tall marimondas, erect upon their hind legs, with visages like ugly men, seemed a satire upon the human race. There also the snake folded and twisted itself amidst the branches of the trees; the vi-jahua and the bejuco abounded; the canas, of which the huts were built, grew plentifully; and amidst the forest the matapalo and the manzanillo shot above all other trees, withering them, by imbibing all the moisture and nutriment of the earth.

The Indian paused upon the top of a mountain to show his companion the lightning flashing from the clouds beneath them, and hear the thunder roll from below (for even the savage admired the wonders his feeble reason could not comprehend); the earth appearing involved in tempests, whilst they rested upon the mountain's head in sunshine and security.

"It is fine," thought Ada Reis, "to contemplate thus the bustle of the world from such a height. So gazes the philosopher at a distance upon all the busy scenes and conflicts which distract mankind.—And so, perchance, at this moment, must be the feelings of that Being, who takes no share in the unimportant quarrels and petty interests of mankind. Here I feel a calm, which I never knew whilst I dwelt in cities, and amongst those whose narrow views clashed with my own. However, I must descend from these heights, and follow, as others do, a leader whom I heartily wish (were it not that I have no better) at the devil."

Ada Reis and his companion, if they laboured hard, at all events lived well during their progress, eating rice boiled with flesh of fowl, and drinking strong spirit whenever they could meet with it. They slept at the little cabins of the Indians, or in the stables prepared for their cattle, which were scattered up and down on the skirts of the mountains. In the course of their long journey they passed through and conversed with many different

nations, who all differed in their customs, beliefs, and dialects.

Ada Reis had no knowledge of the latitude in which he was, or of the direction he was pursuing. Were they now upon the banks of the great Maranon? [8] who might say? Many of the natives were half converts to christianity; some were white, others copper-coloured, and others entirely black. In some of these countries the Spaniards had established settlements, and a brisk traffic was kept up between them and the people: in others all was barbarous ignorance and superstition. The Indians who lived in villages were under some kind of government, obeying their curaca chiefs, or caciques, and these were less turbulent and corrupt than the rest: a proof, if belief be given to Ada Reis, that any government is preferable to the following of simple nature. Some flattened the fore and hind parts of their children's heads; some made holes in their upper and under lips, and in both sides of the cartilage of the nose; others stuck into their chins and jaws feathers or little arrows eight or nine inches long;

others prided themselves on their long ears, extending them by various arts until they reached the shoulders; many thought it a crime not to paint their bodies with great nicety, and a virtue to sacrifice their children to idols; and, as if the quadrupeds were as singular as the men, caymans, alligators, tortoises, and pexe bueys, swarmed upon the shores and islands. The Indian assured Ada Reis that these pexe bueys (or sea-calves) were Spanish seamen who had been wrecked upon an island, and transformed into that shape. "The marimondas or apes," he said, "were the descendants of the indigenous natives, who had been so terrified that they had lost their intellects when the great waters of the flood had descended upon the earth."

Ada Reis saw, in the midst of a river, an island, which was said to be enchanted; all was white in it, the rocks, the trees, the eagles, the cattle. He found Indians fishing with inebriating herbs or poisoned arrows; the quality of which poison is so frigorific as to repel all the blood immediately to the heart. Wherever he turned, he found new cause to

wonder. Here also he marked the strange varieties of lofty trees, the wood of which, some white, some red, some beautifully variegated, distilled balsams of an exquisite fragrance, rare medicinal gums, or poisons, terrible and sudden in their effects. Passing along the banks of the river he met with the jacumana, a serpent of a frightful magnitude, which irresistibly draws, by its breath, the unwary animals who approach it, swallowing them whole. At one time, if we may believe him, he met with a people, male and female, who all had tails, which they wagged when pleased, and turned down when frightened.[9] This people showed greater marks of sagacity, and were more courteous in their manners, he affirms, than any of the others, albeit far inferior to us christians. The Indians appeared every where to Ada Reis slow, as he describes them, but persevering, and possessed of an immutable calm, undisturbed by either fortunate or unfortunate events; in their mean apparel or nakedness they were as contented as a Prince, a Bey, or Pasha, in all his splendid jewels and attire;

nothing appearing to move them, or discompose their minds: interest seemed to have lost its power; fear could not stimulate, respect could not induce, punishment could not compel. They cooked their matalotage, they ground their barley to make machea, their maize for the camcha, and brewed their chicha, regardless of every other care; and moved as little as possible from the side of the fire, at which they sat watching in idleness their food.

One evening Ada Reis found a number of Indians near what they termed a village, celebrating a great festival. A table, covered with a Tucujo carpet, was placed before the door of the inn, or public-house, where a quantity of camcha and some wild herbs were prepared. Each guest held a jug, from which he ate his frugal meal in haste; then the women appeared with calabashes, or round tutumos, full of chicha; some played upon the pipe and tabor, others sung and danced in slow ungraceful measures, whilst the rest sate upon the ground. They welcomed Ada Reis and his guide, without inquiring who

they were, or whence they came, or whither they were going, and pressed them to accept their hospitality. Intemperance, and excess, and noise followed this feast to such a degree, that women, men, husbands, fathers, mothers, and children fell down together, their feeble sense extinguished by strong drink, a miserable and disgraceful picture of human brutality.

The extremes of barbarism and civilisation, thought Ada Reis, are then similar in the excess, though not in the modes of vice and self-indulgence. What is man when he has forsaken the restraint of reason and of law? Alas! what am I next to witness, with whom am I condemned to associate?

They now left the inhabited country, and traversed the wildest mountains and the most lonely deserts, the Indian continually assuring Ada Reis that they should soon be at their journey's end.

How different, thought Ada Reis, in idea, is distance and time to different individuals.

The thirst of revenge, which entirely possessed the bosom of the Indian, lightened to

him every fatigue and privation; but the luxurious habits of Ada Reis rendered the sufferings he had to endure almost intolerable; and he felt in mind even more than in body, from the recollection of his wealth and his child, the overthrow of his ambitious hopes, and the prospect which lay before him of beginning life anew, certainly under no very auspicious circumstances, nor in a very eligible situation; yet he desired not to die, for neither his own disbelief, nor the jests of infidels, had hardened him to that degree of insensibility, that he could feel calm upon this point; he feared death—he feared that, beyond the grave, "dreams might come;"—he thought, as some of a better mind have thought, that it was better to endure any thing than "not to be;" he, therefore, bore his present evil destiny, but not without repining or complaint.

In this temper they journeyed on, with few other adventures than such as have been before related; until as they were travelling by night, having lain by during the heat of the sun, Ada Reis beheld, by the clear light of

the moon, the appearance of the country around him change, from a level and fertile plain to a mountainous and rocky desert. He had scarce observed the alteration before his guide uttered three terrific yells, and leaping exultingly from rock to rock, exclaimed, that he could see his own land before him, and that his heart felt lighter from the certainty of vengeance. Dipping his arrow again in the mortal poison, which he ever carried with him, "Woe be to thee, Ciulactly," he said, "proud cacique, thou shalt feel my power."

A whizzing in the air startled Ada Reis; he beheld in the moonlight a white line, passing with such celerity that, but for its noise, he had not known it was the Zumbadore. [10] "And where, in the wide world, are we now?" he cried. "Are these the solitudes of Aturée? Are the rushing waters I hear from afar, those of the cataract of Maypuré? Is this superb river the Orinoco, or is it the famed river of the Amazons?"

The guide answered not; perhaps, indeed, knew not how to answer these inquiries: his

heaving breast, his eager eye, his convulsive gestures, only showed the agitation of his mind.

The vast tract of land before them appeared as if it never before had been trodden by the foot of civilised man. There dwelt in it vast flights of wild fowl of every species; every kind that shun the haunts of man were there in numbers, tame and unapprehensive of danger; the golden crested pheasants dwelt in the thickets, and over the wide-extended plains the vultures hovered, casting their shadows across its barren surface as they took their heavy flight; whilst eagles, and the condor of the rock, soared above them to the very heavens. All around the country appeared wild, abrupt, extended, and yet beautiful.

Ada Reis now beheld a large mountain, around the foot of which wound a majestic river. The cocoa and the almond abounded upon the banks, and the air was scented with the fragrance of pines and aromatic shrubs. He thought he was in sight of the island of Pumacena, or the silver mountain of Parimé, of which so many fables are related; or it might be he was approaching the Calitamani,"

so bright appeared the shining sides of that extraordinary and impassable rock.

When they drew nearer to the stream, the Indian again stopped and yelled loudly, after the manner of his country. A thousand voices answered him from the heights, and swarms of the natives instantly poured down to the side of the river, crowding its banks, and putting forth their pirogues and coracles, in order to meet and welcome their countryman and his companion.

## CHAPTER VII.

Upon passing the river, Ada Reis found himself in the midst of a vast multitude of people. The natives, assembling around him, knelt before him in wonder, seeming to consider him as a being of a superior order. The Indian, who had so long conducted him, perceived now that he was much fatigued, and desired his countrymen to remit their attentions for a while; he then led Ada Reis to a cabin, where maize, and milk, and fruits were set before him. Once more he there informed him, that this was his own country; that these were the men who had never been subdued; that their hearts were warm and pure; that they worshipped the god who arose every day to warm them with his beams; that from the lips of an image, placed upon a hill, in the form of a dog, they received daily notice of his wishes; and that Ciulactly, their cacique, was descended from the sun; that he, Papo Taguacan (for that, he said, was his name),

was a kinsman of the caciques; that he had been absent one year, having been taken in battle, and imprisoned at Lima; but neither that, nor any other event, had diverted him from his intention of slaying the enemy of his country, the tyrant who had wronged him; and, when Ciulactly was slain, the people, he said, would make Ada Reis king; for the priests had told the people that a stranger, a white man, who could speak their language, a descendant of the great Manco Paca, would come into their country and reign over them, and drink the blood of their enemies.

As he spoke these last words, Ada Reis began to see the drift of all that had been taking place, and acknowledged at once the probable fulfilment of the promises held out to him by Kabkarra. He had not time, however, for much reflection, for the impatient savages began again to flock around him, bringing their tambours and pipes, and dancing before him with wild and extravagant gestures. He took this opportunity of observing a little the manners and appearance of those who were to be his future subjects. They were nearly

black in their complexion, tall in their stature, ungainly in their manners, and wore no other clothes than feathers and hides, no other ornaments than pieces of tin and glass, either stuck into their flesh, or hung about their limbs. The women, with their coarse black hair hanging straight upon their shoulders, carried their infants upon their backs, and stared in stupid astonishment. Their understandings appeared to be utterly contemptible; their habits slothful, dirty, and their characteristic features indolence and low cunning. Upon the whole, nothing could be more unfavourable than the opinion which Ada Reis conceived of them. "I see now," he said to himself, "how the Spirit of Evil has deceived me: the wish, for which I have bartered my soul, may be fulfilled, I may become a monarch and wear a crown, but over whom am I doomed to reign? None here will ever sympathise with my feelings. My wisdom, knowledge, and experience will become a curse to me. Is it for this I have learned the customs, manners, and laws of distant nations? Is it for this I have traversed seas, waded through crimes, and rejected

the happiness within my grasp ? I must begin again as with mother's milk, but without the simplicity of taste, which alone could enable me to endure it. The dream of ambition is at an end, even now that the first prayer of my heart is about to be accomplished."

These reflections, however, disquieting as they were, were not sufficiently so to prevent the fatigue which he had undergone, and the food which he had taken, from throwing him into a deep sleep; nor did he awaken until Papo Taguacan, who had taken that opportunity of going forward to the great city, to prepare for his reception, returned with a concourse of the natives, assembled for the purpose of conducting the stranger to the residence of the cacique.

Ada Reis had often had opportunities of contemplating the earliest state of civilisation, he was not therefore surprised at beholding the assemblage of rude and ill-constructed huts, into which he was led with so much pride and exultation. He could not, however, repress a smile at the vanity and impotence

of man, when he recollected that what he now saw was the capital of a great country, and the palace of its sovereign. "If those," he said to himself, "who are repining amidst the conveniences and enjoyments of European society, could come hither for a short time and then return, Heaven help them! how satisfied would they be with their condition."

They now approached, Papo Taguacan leading the way, to the palace of the cacique; a wretched mud-built hovel, somewhat higher and larger indeed than the rest, and surrounded with all the form, all the difficulty of access, and all the circumstances of ceremony and respect, which belong to and distinguish the most splendid courts of the mightiest monarchs. To such a length was this carried, that Ada Reis was informed that many prostrations and other demonstrations of respect were to be shown before he could be presented to Ciulactly; and that with the customary tardiness of the *rois fainéans* he was not at present at leisure to go through the long solemnity of giving audience.

To beguile the time until his majesty should be disengaged, Ada Reis accepted the offer made by Papo Taguacan of accompanying him around the city, and showing him its principal objects of curiosity. In the main street the first building which struck him, and that with no great pleasure, was a temple, much like the one at Mexico,[12] built entirely of death's heads, set with lime and stone, all ranged in rows; the whole adorned with poles, to which were fixed bones placed in the forms of crosses, with skulls between the intervals, made fast to each other. This temple was the residence of the god of providence and the god of war; besides which deities, he was informed that this nation worshipped two thousand other gods; but the chiefest were undoubtedly these two, Vitzilipuztli, the god of providence, and Tezcatliputli, the god of war, together with the Urmulas, the god of grain and harvest. These idols were of gigantic size, entirely covered with mother-of-pearl, set with emeralds, chalcedonies, and amethysts, and other rich jewels. Their eyes, formed of some transparent and glittering material, shone

from afar in the night, by means of lights placed within.

The temple was called Teutcalli, from teutt, which is a deity, and calli, a house. When Ada Reis was conducted within its portals, the terror he experienced showed him of mortal mind. It was not on account of the opening being fashioned in the shape of a serpent's mouth, that he started back, neither did he mind the tusks and grinders, which adorned the work in relievo, nor the darkness, although that was not much to his taste; but it was the blood of those who had been sacrificed the day before, at which his spirit revolted, although to do him honour a band of music played from without, and the Indians danced in token of their respect.

Whilst Ada Reis was yet contemplating this horrid abode of mortality and superstition, the king, who had with savage pride declined to receive him, now hastened after him with all the childishness of savage curiosity: and the prostrations and other ceremonies being gone through with less form than had been at first insisted upon, he began to converse with

him in a familiar manner. He wore around his neck a gold chain, of some inches thick, adorned with nine gold hearts, and the remnant of the skull of one of his enemies, with a lock of black hair hanging to it. His manners were very graceful, but Papo Taguacan hardly returned his greeting; and Ada Reis thought he observed something of coldness and jealousy in the demeanour of the priests towards their sovereign. He treated Ada Reis with great courtesy, and ordered his attendants to bring him presents, which consisted of two of his wives, many fine feathers, a bushel of cocoa, and a gold collar set with jewels: he then desired him to play at bowls with him, or a game somewhat similar, which required strength rather than skill, and which Papo Taguacan detested the more as the Spaniards had taught it to Ciulactly. Ada Reis was surprised to find that, after all his menaced vengeance, his Indian guide, neither at the game nor at the banquet, times at which naturally the king was most unguarded, had even attempted to execute his threats; but he found himself suddenly in considerable danger, for

he had sat with Ciulactly with sandals on his feet,[13] which was not customary; and he had been desired to cause it to rain, which it was supposed by the priests he had power to do, it having rained, it was said, when some great Spaniard, who had entered their country many years before, had commanded it.

The king, however, pleaded for him, being impatient to show him his palace, which was entirely full of curiosities.[14] Fowls, cuyas, and guinea-pigs wandered loose and tame about the apartments. He delighted in stuffed animals and preserved insects. Creatures of every description were kept in cages; and the noisy chattering of birds, hissing of serpents, roaring of lions, howling of wolves, smell of foxes, and cries of leopards, would have distracted any other sovereign, notwithstanding the order in which, to do Ciulactly justice, they were kept. The king then showed Ada Reis his plumes, fans, and carpets;—dwarfs, crooked and mis-shapen persons, women and children; after which he sat down upon the floor and grinned. Ada Reis did the same, upon which Ciulactly, seeing

he had so merry a companion, sent for his buffoons, and made them sing songs, crack jests, and throw themselves into every sort of ridiculous contortion, which, being intended to produce laughter, did not make Ada Reis laugh so much as certain serious ceremonials, which took place in the course of the day. Indeed, his composure was tried to the utmost, when, to the sound of a sort of fife, and of the teponaztle, or kettle-drum, the grandees of the court, with great gravity, danced, what they called, the netotiliztle; many of them, for the purpose of improving their appearance, having thrust their own heads into the skins of the heads of tigers, alligators, and other wild beasts.[15] During this performance, Ciulactly and his ladies were dressed in coloured feathers, with gold and jewels, mostly worn in their rough state, although the art of cutting and polishing stones was known here.

The king seemed so much delighted with Ada Reis, that he knew not how to show him enough honour; and, in return, Ada Reis wished much to inform him that his cousin,

Papo Taguacan, intended to kill him; but it was impossible; for at whatever he said, Ciulactly laughed with delight, exhibiting some new rarity of which he was vain, pressing him to sleep in his palace, a particular mark of distinction, but one which, knowing what was to befal him, perhaps that very night, Ada Reis would have wished to decline, had it been possible. In the night, Papo Taguacan entered the apartment, standing up before the matted bed of his sovereign, and gazing upon him with silent hatred, and eager vengeance; he was armed with his poisoned arrow, and a knife made of a sharp shell. Ada Reis turned away, that he might not see the murder committed, for he thought it best not to interfere in an affair of honour, lest he should himself get into a scrape; and some painful passages in his own life recurred at that moment to his memory. But the morning dawned upon the unconscious Ciulactly as safe as Ada Reis; Papo Taguacan alone appeared perturbed and unrefreshed.

At an early hour some hundreds of Ciulactly's subjects came before his palace, to

offer him roses, flowers, bread, fowls, and, what may seem singular, bags of vermin,[16] a tribute levied by the cacique, in order to keep his people clean. That day a dreadful sacrifice was to be offered to the god of harvest. The unhappy victims were husbands, wives, mothers, and children, all by a refinement in barbarity, carefully selected from different families, so as to deprive the wretches of the consolation of dying with those whom they loved, and to spread the misery as widely as possible through the whole of the nation. All were led in procession, ornamented with flowers, and accompanied with music to the steps of the temple.

Beside the victims and the priests, Ciulactly and Ada Reis were alone permitted to enter and behold the spectacle within. The crowd, singing and dancing in triumph and exultation, awaited before the steps of the temple for the signal, which told them that all was over.

Cloths or pieces of carpet were spread under the king's feet wherever he went. He wore gold zagles or sandals, in form much

like those of the ancients—his subjects being all barefoot, particularly in his presence; no one might touch him upon pain of instant punishment; to raise the eyes to look upon him was a high offence; but whilst he paused upon each step, his subjects, and even the priests, to honour him, laid their hand son their noses, and passed them along their forehead to the nape of their necks. The cacique turned his head towards his left shoulder in return, to show that he accepted their homage.

All persons danced in this country, slow or quick, according to their rank; the king, the nobles, and the priests, forming a solemn ring, scarcely moved, whilst the plebeians danced with an excess of gesticulation.

The dance of death now began, the flourish of wild music sounded at intervals. Before the altar was a pyramidal green stone, ending in a point, about five spans high, on which the victims were laid, one after the other, on their backs, to be sacrificed. During the whole time perfumes from the incense tree, and other fragrant plants, were burning;—and the groans of the infants, for the older persons

seldom suffered a sigh even to escape them, were suppressed by a sort of low chant from persons appointed, who all the while spinning round, wounded their flesh with lancets made of shells, and spurted the blood upon the king's feet. [17] The chief priest, or topzlm, held in one hand an idol with green eyes, saying to the purport, "This is your god." He wore upon his head a crown of green and yellow feathers; he had his office by inheritance; he had gold rings with green stones in his ears, and under his lip, about the middle of his chin, a little pipe made of blue stone, his face daubed black. The other five priests wore wigs very much curled, with leathern thongs wound about them, girt in the middle of the head, and small paper targets on the forehead. The hearts of the sacrificed were presented to the idol. This conclusion of the ceremony was signified to the people without, who bowed and shouted, taking up earth and strewing it on their heads, whilst holy maidens brought cakes of wheat, and danced around the temple with garlands.

The dignified priests then came forth from the temple one by one, according to their rank, followed by a procession bearing out the gods and goddesses whom they worshipped in several shapes, singing and dancing to the sound of the pipe and kettle-drum.

"So much," said Ada Reis, "for idolators: why, I have heard men in my country regret that paganism was put an end to; in the name of the prophet, Ciulactly, why suffer these horrors to be perpetrated under pretence of virtue and religion?"

"It has always been so," said the king, mildly; "I know not how to change what was: I walk in the steps of my fathers and grandfathers, who are awaiting me in the grave."

The whole assembly now broke up. Many great people ate a little earth, and then went to celebrate the solemnity at a feast given by Ciulactly, after which the courtiers disguised themselves like birds,[18] butterflies, frogs, beetles, deer, lame, blind, or maimed persons, acting every sort of buffoonery in the public streets; and the whole of the ceremonials

ended with dancing and complete intoxication.

During all these circumstances many opportunities of effecting his purpose had presented themselves to Papo Taguacan, of which Ada Reis was much surprised that he had not availed himself. But it was not amidst the tumult of the multitude, nor in the abandonment of festivity, nor when overwhelmed with the insensibility of drunkenness and sleep, that the blow was struck. At mid-day, when all was tranquil and composed, in the presence of his priests and attendants, Ciulactly suddenly fell dead, without a groan. It had been urged with such fatal dexterity, that the wound was instantly mortal, and no one even guessed the hand which had given it. A howl of despair was immediately heard. The news spread with the utmost rapidity, and thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants crowded into the streets and courts around the palace.

Ada Reis trembled not, although he saw all eyes fixed with suspicion upon him. His circumstances were so desperate, that his care for himself, which had ever been his predo-

minant passion, was somewhat diminished; yet still he disliked both death and pain: when suddenly Papo Taguacan came forward, proclaimed himself the murderer, declared his motives to his fellow-citizens, and delivered himself up, without a murmur, to the punishment, which he was well aware immediately awaited him.

The priests paid every customary honour to their lost cacique, the rites of whose funeral are described by Ada Reis with as much minuteness as the sacrifice in the temple. He was laid in state, and mourned for, twelve days. Each brought and placed upon his grave that which he loved and esteemed the most. His trinkets and his treasures were buried with him, but not his wives; after which there was no torture they did not practise upon Papo Taguacan, who smiled at the agonies they inflicted, singing in triumph whilst his breath and strength continued, with the satisfaction of having gratified his revenge; one hundred dogs were sacrificed with him. The priest then proclaimed, from the mouth of an idol, that a descendant of the sun was

amongst them ; and Ada Reis was proclaimed cacique, and borne away to the temple to be crowned with all the usual solemnities, and amidst the congratulating shouts of the people.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Upon his return, Ada Reis threw down in disgust the sceptre, which had just been placed within his grasp. "By the prophet," he said, "can man condescend to be come the instrument thus of deception and superstition? I am neither good enough to give up my own passions and love of independence for the benefit of others, nor weak enough to conceive myself great, because I am considered so by such as these. Praise, to gratify my vanity, must come from beings, if not superior, at least equal to me; and distinction must be an acknowledged superiority over creatures like myself, and not over those blinded by bigotry and ignorance. But, alas! of what can man on earth be proud; if even he be monarch of an enlightened nation; is it not by accident?—is it by superiority? Yet grant that I were chosen an absolute king, by a free and enlightened nation, what then were the reward of exertion,—and what, after a life

of toil and fatigue, would be my fate? Alas! life itself is, I find, after all, but an illusion; —the gratification of every passion, every feeling, every sentiment, leaves, as the wisest of men has said, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit; and the whole pilgrimage, though adorned for a time by hope, and rendered tolerable by vanity, is as a vain dream. Would I had never existed! But it is of little moment. I have lived and enjoyed all that it is possible. I have seen from pole to pole all that there is to possess; every wish of my soul has been gratified as it sprung up within me! Now, then, let me die. Nothing in me is immortal; the vain presumptuous hopes of man affect me not; and if there is no heaven for the frail sons of dust, Ada Reis, at least, fears no hell."

## CHAPTER IX.

It was in vain that Ada Reis thus reasoned ; he was not only made king, but obliged to witness the most cruel sacrifices which celebrated his accession. Cruel as he was, the sight of so much severity disgusted, though it did not touch him. He had been for a time entertained with the knavery, the theft, the sluggishness, the gross superstition of his new subjects ; but all his desire now was to escape from them. He resolved to leave these wretched creatures and his palace, or rather his hut, and to return, if possible, to civilised society : but he was so watched in all his motions by his priests and adherents, that, without making use of a stratagem, he found it difficult to make his escape. He therefore pretended sickness, and shut himself up entirely in his palace for several months : during which time he amused himself in writing, with the juice of a fruit, the remainder of his

journal, venting his rage, and execrating Kabkarra for having deceived him in the very fulfilment of his promise.

But, unfortunately for him, the lower his subjects fell in the opinion of their sovereign, the higher he rose in theirs. His obstinate retirement was considered as an act of the most kingly dignity. He became the most popular monarch that had ever reigned in the country ; and when he proceeded to have his wives suffocated, to squander his treasures, to burn the uncouth figures which his predecessors had venerated, to have the priests sacrificed upon their own altars, and to issue edicts for numerous sanguinary executions, the people set no bounds to their enthusiastic attachment and devotion. They kept perpetual watch around his palace in order to obtain a glimpse of him, and he saw, with deep regret, that the more he tried to alienate the more he attached them ; and that their affectionate vigilance was such as to preclude every hope of escaping from his palace and his empire.

In this melancholy state he was sitting one

evening in his singular apartment, when he saw a large spider making a web; and, strange as it might seem, the ingenuity of the reptile, for a moment, diverted his mind from his own miserable situation. The spider's eager diligence and dexterity struck him forcibly. The web grew and the insect grew. Its motions were so rapid, its perseverance so great, that now it had drawn its threads from one corner of the room to the spot near which Ada Reis stood; and now growing larger and larger, its shining eyes and grinning mouth became terrible to look upon: it spun its threads round and round Ada Reis; it moved from side to side; at length he found himself caught like a lion in its toils, and the monstrous spider stopped, staring at him in triumph.

A laugh and a yell now sounded; the word Kabkarra was pronounced. Ada Reis started back through the silken web; then rushed forward; nothing impeded his course, —nor palace, nor people. He found himself in a mountainous desert, once more at liberty to pursue his own course. Not without

danger he climbed up the rocks of granite, perpendicular and impracticable, were it not for the large rock-crystals and feldspars jutting out, upon which he could rest his foot: then broke upon his delighted gaze the vast deserts of Rhiana. Upon one side the mountain of Nuraama, losing itself in the clouds, whilst a part of the valley, covered by an immense forest, appeared upon the other; there it was that he first beheld the mouth of a cavern, like the famed cavern of Ataruipe: [19] near which it seemed was the cemetery of a whole nation. Skeletons were carefully preserved in baskets and urns, adorned with the spiral leaves of the palm, laid side by side from the age of infancy upwards, along a solitary valley, by the banks of the river; all perfect, all tranquil: no names recorded. It was one of those nights, serene and fresh, so common beneath the torrid zone; the moon, surrounded with coloured haloes, shone in her fulness, and brightened the borders of the thick fog; [20] the aromatic smell from plants; the phosphoric light from the millions of flies; the palm and sycamore

shaking their spiral leaves to the breeze, and the roar of waters at a distance.

As he journeyed on, he beheld before him, at some distance, past all belief, Papo Taguacan, whom he had, with his own eyes, seen cut to pieces and burnt. He appeared lost in contemplation and the deepest melancholy. Upon approaching (stranger still) he found not the Indian, but one who appeared the exact image of Condulmar, only very pale and exhausted. "Who are you?" said Ada Reis.

"I stand alone upon earth," replied Condulmar. "I have caused the death of every thing dear to me; and thou, lovely flower of this fair world,—Fiormonda!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ada Reis; "do I see Condulmar before me!"

As he approached to embrace his friend, the stranger grew taller and taller, and every moment more and more terrific in appearance. A voice, hoarse and terrible, pronounced the name of Ada Reis; whilst eddying waters rushing round, stunned him with their noise. And now Ada Reis scarcely saw any thing,

when again suddenly he beheld upon the summit of that vast pile of granite, laughing wildly, Kabkarra. "Ha! Is it you?" said he, advancing fiercely, to destroy him.

But Kabkarra, waving him off, hailed him as a monarch; and taunted him, one by one, with the long catalogue of his iniquities, saying, at the mention of each new crime, "And for this dost thou not deserve a reward?"

"Where is my child?" said Ada Reis eagerly, "say, at least, where is my innocent child?"

"Innocent!" said Kabkarra, scornfully; "she is the mistress of a king, nay, holds an empire, and wears like thee a crown."

Ada Reis, whose impatience knew no bounds, and whose curiosity was painfully excited, now gave vent to the violence of his temper, uttering imprecations upon the whole visible and invisible race, ending his rage by kneeling down and saying, "Restore me to my child, and I will be your slave."

"You are my slave already," said Kabkarra, taking from Ada Reis's head the golden crown

and high black plumes with which his new subjects had adorned it, and laughing wildly as he leaned back against one of the vast piles of granite above the roaring cataracts, "Know you the name of this cave? Bocca Inferno, the Spaniard calls it; and here we will remain, rash mortal, whilst I inform you who and what I am; for you know me not, although from a child you have sought me, conversed with me, and seen me every day."

Ada Reis threw himself at Kabkarra's feet, and, all eagerness to hear, leant forward in a still and thoughtful attitude. Kabkarra's eyes glared upon the wild scene before him, and clapping his hands when he began, he bade the marimondas and the birds cease their clatter, and like the grey crocodile,[21] whose dim eyes were fixed upon him, be silent whilst he spoke.

## CHAPTER X.

"Every plant," said Kabkarra, "seeks its own soil, and possesses its peculiar property: every insect seeks its peculiar plant; the wild beast roams the forest; the barren rocks are the home of the vampyre. In the same manner, and according to the same law of nature, every country is peopled by invisible as well as visible inhabitants; some prone, like yourself, Ada Reis, to mischief and wickedness, and others virtuous and benevolent. You have the sense of sight, and you see, as you imagine, real objects; but I see also those, which you term spiritual objects; and the sense I possess is not more wonderful than the one permitted to you. We are all under the agency of the good or the evil principle; the one is continually exhorting us to refrain from what is wrong, the other labouring to seduce us into evil. I serve the latter. My mother was the famous witch Niagara, who, in her early youth, it is said,

allured an angel from Heaven by the sweetness of her song. Certain it is, that having crossed the seas, she bore a child amidst the flowery orange-groves of Syria; and the youth Zamohr, my half-brother, is that son: he is the gentlest and most benevolent of beings; weak, I have heard, at times; and loves to dwell in the soft moon-beam, and play with children, soothing, with gentle care, the disappointments of love-sick maids and youths. But, to return, Niagara, as she continued her career, gave way to the violence of her passions, until they exceeded every limit; and her crimes drew from the regions below a fiend to visit her, in the shape of the condor of the rock. After her return to her own country I was the offspring of that guilty flame. On the day of my birth the moon came betwixt the sun and your world, so that it was dark upon the summit of the Andes, where I stood at the first instant of my breathing the breath of life. As I grew in strength, my infant steps followed the track of the panther, and my eyes trained themselves after the flight of the eagle of the sun. I climbed the lofty tops

of the palm-trees to gather their golden fruit, and watched from behind the ombrageous leaves of the sycamore, to behold Niagara, as she howled in the moon-shine, and danced along the banks of the great river, whilst the basilisks and crocodiles gazed upon her in affright. She was a mistress of charms and spells; could hear uninjured, the groan of the mandrake, and sing the lioness to sleep whilst she stole away her cubs. I have known her bind up the torrents with a word, and saddle the black ostrich with the leopard's skin, then ride it, whilst it flapped its wings, flitting along like a night-mare through the boundless Steppes, until she came to the valley of death; there, where the palm, the cypress, and banana sadly blend together their dark foliage over the cemetery, there would she dismount and sit down by the waters of the Orinoko, to watch the skeletons. She had learned a song to raise them up; they would dance together in the watery mists of night, playing like shadows amongst the vapours, shining with phosphoric light, whilst she laughed or howled to them, and gathered from

each the history of his stay on earth. She never gave me suck, she never fed me when I was hungry; but the bird of the mountains [22] came down to me and cherished me, shadowing me with its mighty wings from the hot sun, or fanning me with them to repose: his size was monstrous, his strength matchless, his dark brilliant eye could gaze upon the orb of the sun; and when he arose from the peak of the Chimborazo [23] he bore me with him, where I could count the stars of the firmament, and see the meteoric stones fall hot and whizzing through the air. Niagara's eye was black and penetrating, but the condor's eye was more wild and terrible than hers. The hair of her head was white, as if time and care had bleached it, but the snow on the top of the Himalaya was more white and more dazzling as it shone in the distance, and thither I went to behold the eastern hemisphere, and gather diamonds and gold, and bathe in the waters of the Ganges. I traversed the burning deserts of Africa upon the back of the swift dromedary, and the frozen moss on the lighter-footed rein-deer; over seas I had sailed upon

the dolphin's back; and the mammoth was my guide and my defence in a strange land. I became familiar with the Valkyriar of the north, and Mista, Sangrida, and Ililda, wove for me a silver thread, which rendered me invulnerable. From Egypt the sisters of Behirre sent me the worm that never dies. I have spoken with the old man, who was seen, at sun-set, to come out from the great pyramid, after lying there many hundred years, and he knew every thing, and laughed at all that is, and all that was, saying continually, '*Allah acbar; Eched en la illa Allah;*'* but his heart had been turned to stone with grief for the fate of his son, a fate too horrible to relate; and Niagara wept when she heard it, for she thought of my brother Zamohr; and I saw her weep at the hour when from the minarets of Cairo eight hundred voices called aloud the faithful to prayer. But perhaps I fatigue you with so much detail?"

"Oh! no," said Ada Reis, "go on: it is

* From the *Koran*.—"God is great; and I witness there is but one God."

not unnatural that a being, who has seen so many and such strange things, as you say you have, should prose a little."

"'Well, then," resumed Kabkarra, "Allah Acbar,' I faintly repeated, [24] as soaring above I looked upon that land of plenty, and sighed to think of the pride and presumption of men. 'Farewell to Egypt, to the Nile and the Delta; to her rich fruits and flowers; to her citron and orange groves. Farewell to India, to the New, and to the Old World. Farewell to Niagara,' I said, as upon the wings of the condor I cut the air, for my mother's call was vain: she could do all that spells and mystic power can do—she could do more—but she could not fix the roving heart of her son."

Whilst Kabkarra thus spoke, the marimondas, the birds, the crocodiles, all approached the mouth of the cave, as if listening to him; whilst the musk-ox, with his long horns, and the vicuna, stood and stared from the heights with stupid tameness. The waters of the cataract rolled with ceaseless violence their eternal course, and the bat circled, from time to time, across and around the mouth of the cave.

"What are revolving years? What reckoning can there be of time," said the spirit, "when existence is prolonged to eternity?—All that was or will be—all that appears to pass before us, is a mere illusion of our senses. When we speak to those who may not understand us, in what manner can we address ourselves to them? When the language of congenial feelings is denied, how can we make ourselves intelligible? What are worlds—what is life—what is night—day—and, more than all, what is man? Yet even mortal mind has detected the illusion of colour and matter, saying, as he truly may, 'that nothing really is;' then wherefore doubt that there are still greater wonders, and still greater illusions. The world has circled around its sun three thousand years since first I quitted my native land; it was in the ardour and rashness of vain youth, that I then attempted to possess myself of mysteries unmeet for even a spirit's ear. I gave my heart up to the dominion of passion. I lived and I enjoyed every good thing that this fair earth could offer; but my love was like a searching flame, and destroyed its ob-

ject. My adoration rendered it hateful, and disfigured it. My hate, like the lightning, blasted my victims.—In war, in danger, in the agony of despair, in the hour of vengeance, I was ever present—ever foremost, amidst the crash of ruin, the war-cry of rebellion, and the bloody festival of triumph. It was I who taught the people of these countries their savage customs ; I deceived their credulous spirits ; I butchered their children upon the altars of false deities ; and when they were enslaved by tyrants, I assisted in the work, and excited against them the bloody demons of pride, cruelty, and superstition. Zamohr I chased away to purer and colder regions : for me, I loved the dark nations—child of the sun, I basked in his rays. The universe was before me. Bright shone the dawn of life, and I hailed it with the rapturous feelings of exuberant and overbearing youth. Why need I recount to you the means I used to undeceive myself? Why need I tell to him who feels it too well, what disappointment waits upon hope, and how unsatisfactory are the researches of science ? Better sit upon the

promontory, and sing with my kinswoman, the spirit of the storm,[25] whilst the clouds gather and the ocean rolls beneath her feet; better ride with her in the simoon, or the siroc, or in the whirlwind of hot sand, whilst men and animals faint and expire beneath her fury. Better do this than live to be deluded by hope. For however we may dream away the early hour of life, in pleasure, in sloth, or in study, we must awaken at last too soon for happiness, too late for amendment; ignorance cannot learn, and man is both ignorant and presumptuous. Ada Reis, you sigh.—Shall I proceed? Ah! wherefore seek to know that which for wise purposes is hidden from your understanding? The road was plain before you, your duty was prescribed; you have wandered far, and there is no return; for the idle bubbles which played before you, you have lost yourself. Whilst I, seeking for pleasure in liberty, and for light in the brilliant meteor as it flashed along, when scarce midway in my course lost myself in the labyrinth of error, and sunk down into the valley of despair; there, where death stands

sentinel, and he I may not name waits to receive the fallen. Yet if you will hear the rest, mark me.

"When the condor, my more than father, first carried me into that mournful abode, its monarch sprung forward eagerly to receive me, and all that is evil and terrific upon a sudden burst upon my view. 'I am thy sire,' he cried: 'it is I, the friend, the parent of Niagara, whom thou shalt serve.' In vain I shrunk with horror from all I there beheld: the shrieks of despair, the wailing of the miserable, affrighted me with their continual din. Niagara past her remaining years, inconsolable for my absence, in deeds of darkness and of crime; till time had taken from her every enjoyment: then turning for one to pity her, long, long she sought for me; her cry was heard in the desert, and her shriek from the top of the Chimborazo. At length, disappointed in all hope, she forsook the lands which reminded her of her children; journeying northward back to her own country, she stood a lone and widowed being upon its mountains, until the spirit of life burst forth,

and rushing forward with overwhelming fury, she fell, and falls for evermore from rock to rock,[26] driving all things before her, as she had done in life, adown the torrent of her ungoverned passions. There is a shrub grows upon Lake Erie; the juice of its berry, if used in time, will restore the wandering sense. I administered it myself to a maiden abandoned by her lover: reason returned, but the girl died upon the instant; for then she remembered her grief, and him who caused it. That juice, as it can restore the alienated understanding, so can it enlarge and invigorate the sound and perfect; drink of it, and thou also shalt see and know every thing as I do, and accompany me wherever I go."

"Pardon me, my good friend," said Ada Reis, "but before I taste of any more of your enchanted gifts, I should be glad precisely to understand the effect they are likely to have upon me. The case of your former patient, as you have stated it, does not appear the most encouraging. In your extreme kindness you may, who knows, perchance, see fit to transform me into the shape of a beast, or send me

to reign over some other nation. Let me hear, therefore, from you the remainder of your history; and when you have concluded it, if I approve the account you give me of the master you serve, I will obey your commands. Tell me, in the first place, in what manner you employed your time during your residence in that valley of despair of which you have already spoken."

"During the first hundred years that I was confined in that miserable abode, where agonizing hearts make continual lamentations, where hope, and truth, and love are blighted, and only the malignant and rancorous passions can exist, I was seldom permitted to revisit earth. The monarch I served was lonely; in the midst of crowds of slaves, he was desolate; for he was conscious of being detested. He was the parent of deformity, disorder, vice, drunkenness, uproar, and murder. It was my sole pleasure to view, from the enchanted window he had constructed, and where he passed most of his cheerless hours, the splendid orrery of the heavens, bright in celestial beauty; to hear the heavy worlds as they

rolled around, and listen to the choirs of angels, hymning their praises and petitions to the great Being who has created all things. But our sovereign, regardless of their glory, sadly turned his eyes almost continually upon your world; for it seemed to stand a single blot in the fair page of creation, marring the harmony and perfection of the stupendous whole. It was my continual thought, that if the race of man could know their doom, could see a little further than the worm they scorn and tread upon, the deceits we practised to beguile them, and the falsehoods we used to retain them in our sovereign's service, they would not forsake, as they do, the glorious light of truth, the breath of health, the hope of immortality, for the transient, unreal enjoyment of a moment; but I have since discovered that I was mistaken. I tire you, do I not?" said Kabkarra.

"Oh, by no means. You are prolix," replied Ada Reis; "but my time, just at present, is peculiarly my own: I would thank you, therefore, to proceed."

"Upon the blue air of the spangled vault

of the heavens, around the luminous atmosphere of the circling planets, spirits light and beautiful passed and repassed continually before our eyes, enjoying the beatitude of the blessed, inconceivable to me, but apparent in the celestial radiance of their angelic smile; and cherubs, as they sported with each other, in all the innocence with which they had returned uncontaminated and untried from life's infant morn, shuddered, as they flitted quickly along, fearful lest one exhalation from our seats of misery should reach and blast them. You who inhabit earth—you who have viewed with transport the distant stars in the firmament, and the softer moon, which you hail as your own sister-planet; could your imagination even conceive the scenes I have beheld, you would fall down entranced, calling out as I have done, '*Allah acbar; Eched en la illa Allah.*'

"Judge thou, then, Ada Reis, child of a world created fair, 'so much in vain for you,' what the agony of his heart must have been who viewed, as the king of darkness did, from whence he stood, such a prospect; what

the grief, the despondency, of that mighty mind which had known the perfection, and the loveliness of the scenes, he had for ever renounced? Oh! never may you hear a sigh like that his bosom heaved, as he stood a lone spirit, with the consciousness of strength, without the power of employing it nobly: with a mind capable of every thing, fretting itself away upon the contemplation of its own nothingness—activity circumscribed—energy suppressed—hope baffled—existence prolonged for ever, and a curse to him who endured it."

"How popular the devil is become of late!" interrupted Ada Reis. "Language is exhausted for the purpose of representing him in interesting colours. We hear of nothing but the high endowments of his mind, and the melancholy beauty of his countenance."

"I represent him as I saw him," said Kabkarra, "when, turning from the glorious view of perfect wisdom, truth, and order, he fixed his eyes, and concentrated his hopes upon that one dark spot, where still his name was held in reverence. 'Oh earth!' he cried,

‘ let me not lose thee also, thou only remaining hope! Still be blind to the light of reason, and deaf to the promises of benevolence. Worship me, as you have done heretofore, and let me be as a king and as a god. I will flatter and bribe you; my emissaries shall be day and night amongst you.’ The intentions, which he thus expressed, he diligently contrived to fulfil, and I, with many others, was employed to allure the wavering and uncertain, who were still struggling against evil, and doubtful of their course. I called to them when vanity and pleasure had deluded them; my caresses seduced them farther, and my passion inflamed them to acts of madness. Often when Zamohr had been idling away whole years with some silly innocent maiden, I seized upon her inexperienced heart, and bore it from him, even as I have Fiormonda’s. My power fixes itself where pride or hardness have gained dominion; and when I have seized on a victim, I pervert and transform the soul, so that few can recognise it again. Sometimes, when secure of my prey, I leave it on earth

a little longer, to mislead others, and assist me in my work; but if those whom I have seduced be young, and likely to repent, I so devise my plans, that death, if possible, should surprise them in the midst of their sin; for my master must be served; and I, as he, delight to entice and to destroy. His palace awaits you, O king! his retinue must be kept up."

"Fiormonda, then," said Ada Reis, "is already quartered in that most delectable habitation?"

"She is in the highest favour at present," said Kabkarra; "but to explain this, I must inform you how far, and by what ties, she has connected herself with us."

"And also inform me," said Ada Reis, "if the inquiry be not impertinent, by what means I had the peculiar honour of your acquaintance? for, strange as it may appear, I do not remember."

"Not remember!" said Kabkarra, fiercely. "Not remember! I should have thought '*there were moments never to be forgotten.*' Vice is the mark at which I aim; and where I perceive its seeds to be sown, there am I.

In the still night I arm the hand of the assassin: in treason and in war I urge to violence and blood; but mostly I delight in snatching from the lap of security the proud children of prosperity. I give to the seducer that grace and hardihood which secure him success; before the eyes of ambition I spread titles and crowns; for vanity, mere baubles and flattery; but, above all, I confide and rejoice in infidelity. Thy house, Ada Reis, was long my dwelling, for there it stood forth open and undisguised. I have partaken of thy hospitality, revelled at thy banquets, hallowed thy superstitious rites, and triumphed in thy profaneness."

"Then, I hope, at all events, after such acknowledgments," said Ada Reis, "thou wilt demean thyself to me accordingly; for how wilt thou excuse, for example, the partaking of my hospitality, the receiving all these honours and courtesies from me, and, in return, seducing away my daughter?"

"Hah! these things occur continually," said Kabkarra; "in Europe it is the commonest of all returns. Besides, I had this

excuse—I loved thy daughter from early infancy: I watched her as she bounded along, wild as the antelope, and vain and gay as the various-coloured lory. In the liquid lustre of her blue eyes—and blue eyes are ever the frailest—in the mantling blush of her cheek, in the soft smile of her full lip, I read my empire. 'Passions fierce reign in that bosom,' I cried, 'and by their power I shall gain dominion;' but innocence and piety guarded the shrine, and a rival appeared amongst the good angels that were sent to watch over her: it was my half-brother, Zamohr. He loved her, like myself; and the first sigh of love she breathed was for him. To blight the hopes of youth and beauty, to lure from happiness I must never enjoy, to crush and wound Zamohr, who flies me, and dwells in stars with the blest, where I may not enter to accomplish this, I gave up my whole dark spirit: you assisted me by your impiety, and yet the struggle has been great, the conquest difficult, and such as required all my art and all my power. It was in a dream that I first entered into her heart; pride and ambition

took the place of love, who timidly retired; and, when these fierce masters gained the ascendancy, passion did the rest. We have her not, however, entirely; she has but half consented to be ours, and Zamohr and love are still attempting to rescue her."

"Zamohr, then, was the youth with the angel countenance. I suspected him throughout; but who was Condulmar, and who was Shaffou Paca, and what became of the Bey, and the Jew Kabkarra?"

"They were all the agents of the evil one," answered the spirit; "and yet there were such persons: they were passive clay, and permitted our power to enter their hearts; they are now enjoying their own reflections. Condulmar is with Fiormonda, he is the son of Zubanyànn. Shaffou Paca, mother of the Jew Kabkarra, had sold herself to me in early youth. Her son was a wretch capable of any mean action; he applied to me in his poverty and distress, and I gave him gold-dust, the pearls, and the sabre which made his fortune, and received in lieu of these

inestimable rarities his worthless soul: they are now suffering as they deserve."

"Suffering what?"

"That you will know when you meet them."

"By what name shall I distinguish thee, thou most execrable and perfidious spirit?"

"Call me still Kabkarra—you first knew me by that name. I am but a servant of him you call Zubanyànn; you are also his follower: let me hasten to present you to your master."

"Your master is a cheat and a liar, I care not if you tell him so; he has deceived me shamefully; and, as to my daughter, she was to wear an imperial crown."

"She wears it already; but it is oppressive, I fear: however, you shall behold her."

"Where is she?"

"She is at this moment in the chamber of gold, in the palace of riches, where pleasure is striving to detain her with music, dancing, and festivity."

"If this be the punishment decreed, and the fate to dread," said Ada Reis, "I am not

over alarmed or grieved about either my daughter or myself: matters might have been worse, and your monarch's palace, in the valley of despair, I make no doubt, is, upon the whole, as comfortable a residence as that which I have been so eager to quit: let me therefore hasten to it, and join my Fiormonda."

"It is only one of his palaces," said Kabkarra, with a malignant smile; "he has others for the accommodation of kings."

"I will go thither, nevertheless; so let me try this juice you speak of: life, indeed, begins, for some time past, to weary me; and, as Fiormonda is departed, so will I."

"This night," said the spirit, "your wish shall be accomplished. Arrange your worldly affairs, settle the succession to prevent bloodshed, and swallow from this goblet a few drops of its contents; death shall strike surer than the famed guaapa juice, and without a pang your spirit shall be released."

"I fear no pangs," said Ada Reis; "but it is death I fear!"

"Death is nothing," said the tempter, "when pain and sickness do not forerun it."

"But it is perchance to a hell you would bear me; I have read of such things."

"I bear you where all must go; it is to a fairer place than this; and there your cause will be heard and tried. If virtuous, you shall be borne by good angels to the islands of the blessed."

"Ay, but if the contrary?"

"Why that," said Kabkarra, laughing, "we will consider hereafter."

"I am prepared," said Ada Reis; "for as to worldly affairs, the yare but as the shadows, which the magic lantern casts upon the white cloth, as the painted glasses are passed before its light. What are these to eternity? I long—I burn to see the wonders you have described. Let one historian alone record that I lived the greatest and wisest of men; and that I died by my own desire, at the respectable age of fifty-four, and I am satisfied. My people may settle their own affairs; a little letting of

blood after so much inaction will do them service : so thus I pledge you."

Saying which, with a firm hand he held the tutumos and drank : it was not the unpleasant taste which made Ada Reis shudder when he felt that he had swallowed the contents, but a love of life, which at that instant returned upon him, or rather, I may say, a fear of death, and he would have given much not to have drained the draught; it was, however, too late ; and shortly afterwards he felt a drowsiness come on; yet before he closed his eyes for ever, he roused himself to cast one last look around him upon a world he had loved so well ; never had it appeared to him more fraught with beauty. " I doubt, I doubt," he cried, " the other place I am going to will not be half as delightful."

Suddenly a majestic bird descended proudly and firmly from the heavens. By its swiftness, strength, and magnificent air, Ada Reis soon knew it to be the condor, and almost without a moment's loss of reason, he found

himself reposing upon its back, and gently ascending with it into the clouds. Kabkarra, like a wicked urchin, bestrode its neck, laughing and shouting as they proceeded swiftly through the air.

## CHAPTER XI.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

BYRON.

ADA REIS had read every thing which had ever been recorded of the unknown land to which he was journeying; he had studied the poetry which describes it, and from the learned had gained what information could be obtained in every different country in which he had sojourned. He does not, however, say whether the course he took to reach the palace of Zubanyànn, situate in the unhappy valley, was the same that others had taken before him; he mentions nor bridge, nor river, harpies, centaurs, giants, hydras, nor chimeras. As he is far from short in his narrations in general, it is somewhat extraordinary, that the only remarks which he makes upon this journey are, that, had he known beforehand what he was to go through, he would not have voluntarily undertaken it.

At the entrance of the Valley of Despair, Death stood before him, in the form of a pale wan woman. She glided by him the moment he alighted. Her breath was so cold, it chilled him as she passed; and her hand, which she offered him, was damp and heavy. She glided by perfectly calm, and her countenance free from all expression. Her appearance so much disturbed him, that he twice attempted to return by the way he had entered—but that, he heard, was quite out of the question.

However, these uneasy sensations were relieved, and even the emotions of fear were in some degree dispelled, as he found himself at the entrance of a long avenue of lofty trees advancing towards a large building, which was neither gloomy nor terrific in its aspect, but, on the contrary, of modern date; and such as appeared to promise comfort and luxury within. As he approached nearer, he observed that an immense concourse of persons, dressed in the garb of each different nation, were thronging the galleries, and walking in the gardens. He advanced still nearer, and gazed upon the scene awhile

before he joined the crowd, surveying the strange prospect before him, as a spectator might from a gallery contemplate a superb feast, or from a secure height a field of battle.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PALACE OF ZUBANYANN.

"Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead."
*Odyssey.*

In a dream, the imagination presents to us distinctly the forms of those whom we have known; they appear to us to be actuated by the same motives that actuate living beings. In a dream we hunger and thirst; we laugh, we weep, we walk and run; yet these appearances are altogether more vain and more transient than the illusions which mislead us in life. The gardens and long avenues which now lay before Ada Reis were filled with company, who appeared to him as distinctly as, heretofore, the inhabitants of the world which he had left. All, like himself, seemed strangers to the place; some arriving on the

moment, others having been there a short time before him. The courts and the hall of entrance to the palace were full to excess; curiosity still impelled, and a desire of being first, led all alike to press forward; but as all, like Ada Reis, had met death upon their entrance, the crowding was not so inconvenient, nor the obstruction to be compared to that which takes place in one of our most select assemblies upon earth. However, if the pushing and squeezing were not as great, the whispering and chattering were in no respect diminished: the Tower of Babel alone could have been a scene of like confusion of tongues. Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Indians, Cherokees, Moors, Spaniards, French, Germans, Italians, Scotch, English, Irish, were assembled together, eagerly discoursing one with another: and though uncivilised barbarians and idolaters formed a dark mass behind the rest, rudely and loudly calling for all they required, the only part of this vast community which at first attracted the attention of Ada Reis was a crowd of personages of courtly manners and cultivated minds, who

seemed, like himself, to consider themselves as far above the vulgar herd. Eager to pay his devotions where he thought they would be best appreciated, Ada Reis, not forgetful of his graceful native salaams, was bowing rather obsequiously to several nobles, when Kabkarra, who had left him, returned with two attendants in splendid uniforms: he himself having changed his dress. He now wore a robe of purple and gold, at his side he had a golden key, and in his right hand he carried a white wand. His new attire immediately attracted the attention of Ada Reis. "The master we serve," said Kabkarra, "is particular in these trifles: it is his chief amusement to vary our dress and the furniture of his own house; the hangings, trappings, and ornaments, are changed daily; the newest fashions in the best taste are ever studied, and forwarded by one of us to your world, as soon as adopted here.

"That urchin page in green is chiefly employed in these details. The changes of the mode, the varieties of ornaments, extravagance, and profusion, originate with us. No-

thing brings us more subjects in the end than these fashions. France and England greedily seize our ideas; half the rest of the world copy them; but, as your country excels in the really magnificent, your chamber, Ada Reis, is prepared for you in the fashion of the one you inhabited when at Tripoly."

"Thus, then," said Ada Reis to himself, I have, after all, been paying this servile court to the mere minion of a sovereign, to the creature of another's will, whose ornamented habit is a badge of slavery! Ye powers! how men may be continually deceived!"

At this moment a girl, fair as is the goddess of eternal youth and health, smilingly approached: "How tardy you are grown," said she to Kabkarra; "Peiries and Sprites have an hundred times refreshed every flower with dew; the bear and the tiger have left their caves to prowl for food; the imps sent to Tara and Cacoa, Adrianople, and Lothmond are returned. The black Swifts have circled around the green islands of England and Ireland the time permitted, and have resumed their posts, and you, you alone, have loiter-

ed upon your errand." Kabkarra made no reply.

"What, may I ask, if it be permitted me, are the black Swifts?" said Ada Reis; "I thought they had been birds, who come and depart with wonderful regularity on particular days."

"They are the souls of certain unbelievers, who studied the laws of nature, without acknowledging the Lawgiver; who dealt in sorcery and witchcraft, and misled the people under the name of Egyptians, necromancers, witches—they are allowed for a time to return and circle around, performing their rites in the countries they once infested; after which, at a moment, they are recalled, and here they perform severer penance than I dare tell of."

"Who have arrived since my departure?" said Kabkarra, "and what is become of the thousands I left?"

"They are disposed of," said the damsel, slightly shuddering, as she tried by a laugh to hide her emotion.

Ada Reis, although a professed admirer of

beauty, felt repugnance towards this lady: she had something about her unfeminine, and unrefined; he looked upon her therefore with a degree of disdain, and turning to Kabkarra, he said, "Where is my daughter—is she here?"

"She is," said the lady: "slaves attend around her; and, if pomp and ceremony can confer happiness, she is happy."

Ada Reis, still addressing his guide, somewhat impatiently (for he liked not the lady), added, "Shall I soon see her?"

"Very soon; and in the mean time," said Kabkarra, "you shall survey the suite of apartments, and converse with some of the company."

The porter at the entrance of the first gallery was seated by the fire, playing with his foot his master's tattoo. The lazy door-keeper arose, when repeatedly called upon by Kabkarra, and admitted Ada Reis and his followers.

Kabkarra, who, though only a servant, appeared, like most of that race, to command every thing in these regions (observing in a moment the dislike Ada Reis had taken to the

familiar air of the lady), led the way, with an air of dignity, showing Ada Reis from one apartment into another, and conversing, as he passed, freely and jocosely with the company; for well he knew how to use the light satire, the gentle hint, the quaint repartee, and the mortal stab that annihilated every hope at a blow; and, above all, how to nod familiarly to some, and turn aside from others of little consequence: but the principal part of those whom he met were not, as Ada Reis observes, personages of much distinction: they were not great and noble characters, fallen from their original destination; neither were they like the followers of Eblis, wandering about, each with his hand upon his heart, wherein an unrelenting fire had been kindled, as told in the sublime and affecting description of Vathek; nor did they, like Achilles, in his sad answer to Ulysses, with few but awful words, express regret of life, and the hopeless misery of the gloomy realms to which they were consigned. They were for the most part second-rate, for there was little sublime or interesting in this quarter of the palace of Zubanyànn.

Such as Ada Reis found it, I have rendered it; its general character was frivolity, surprise, chatter, clatter, noise, and disorder, in it and around it. The temperature, too, was singular; as, in lieu of the sultry heat so often alluded to as prevailing in these sort of places, the air of these valleys and these gardens was cold, raw, and unpleasant, such as is felt in the capital of England when an east wind brings with it a fog that darkens the city and its neighbourhood, or a freezing whirlwind from the North Pole bears quinsies and influenzas upon every blast.

## CHAPTER XIII.

" Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle ;
* * * * * * * * *
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira
Voci alte e fioche e suon di man con elle,
Facevano un tumulto il qual s'aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira."
Canto 3d *dell' Inferno.*

As the member of parliament for a rotten borough bends before the crowd, whom he represents, but who did not elect him ; as a king bows profoundly to those he most detests and fears ; as a courtier deprecates the frown of his sovereign, and a demagogue, with exactly the same servility, the hisses of the mob : so Ada Reis, with a humility and a desire of obtaining popularity which he had never felt before, made his obeisances to the throng who surrounded him. At length,

recovering himself a little, he re-assumed the air of dignity to which he had so long accustomed himself upon earth, yet leaned his arm familiarly upon Kabkarra's shoulder, and began to ask him questions upon every thing he heard or saw. "Who," said Ada Reis, "are these troops of noisy wanderers, who seem to me more like passengers crowding out of a galley, or guests into a banquet-room, than shades of the departed awaiting their trial?"

"These," said Kabkarra, "are personages from civilized countries, who possessed rank, dignity, and riches when alive; such as have dreamed away life's little hour without committing any actual crime; but, mispending every moment in idleness and folly, have proved the cause of ruin to others, and have brought themselves, by mere wantonness and neglect of duty, into our abode. Most of them, as you will perceive, are men and women of the world, who never cast a look beyond the moment, nor prayed the heart's prayer until death dissolved them."

"And what will be their fate?"

"They will be permitted to enjoy them-

selves awhile in the golden chamber and state apartments, until the hour appointed for their trial; then, weak as they appear, they must endure the fate decreed."

"And what are these?"

"Still the idle, as indeed most are who enter our abode: yet look to the tablets in the burning vault, where the red flame kindles for ever and for ever; there neither will you find the idle nor the illiterate."

"And what," said Ada Reis, "is that group of people, that mob I see driven from the palace-gate by hundreds at a time?—there seem beasts, birds, and men; and the din they make is prodigious."

"These, sire, are beneath your notice; for to rank and high lineage we pay deference, and he who has bartered his honour for a title or for gold, stands first amongst us. The crowds we drive elsewhere are the lower orders: amongst these you will see negro-lashers, hangmen, beadles, master-bakers, knavish tailors; human beings, indeed, of all descriptions; rebellious manufacturers, radical reformers, piccadores, drunken patroles,

men of the fancy, and about two thousand London footmen, coachmen, and cooks."

"But whom do I see? Est-il possible—can I believe my eyes? My old friend Coup de Vent, why, what brought you here?"

"Ah! Monsieur, je suis charmé de vous revoir," said the Parisian hair-dresser, bowing low.

"Mais, comment se peut-il?" said Ada Reis.

"Cette nuit fatale," replied the coiffeur, "quand la foudre tomba sur nous, Sainte Vierge! que j'ai eu peur! J'ai toujours détesté l'Amérique, à cause de ses malheureux tremblements de terre."

"Hélas! mon ami, l'on trouve le mal partout," said Ada Reis: "croyez-moi, les tremblements de terre, les orages, les éclairs, les famines, les foudres, la grêle, les pluies, les pestes, les mortalités, se trouvent partout, et les coiffeurs aussi, à ce que je vois!"

"Monsieur est pétri d'esprit."

"Vous me flattez, Coup de Vent; mais quel diable avez-vous là?"

"Plaît-il," said Coup de Vent.

" Qu'est-ce, Monsieur?"

" Permettez que je vous présente St.-Laure, fameux tailleur: il cherchoit en vain votre protection à Lima. Il fait les habits à merveille."

" Quelles couleurs porte-t-on ici? mon ami."

" L'on ne porte absolument," said St.-Laure, " que les plus recherchées. Il y a premièrement ce drap printanier et la puce effrayée, mais l'éléphant malade et le gris de souris évanouie, c'est la dernière mode."

" My next garb shall be gris de souris évanouie," said Ada Reis, laughing. " And how, my dear Coup de Vent, is this place for company—does it rival Lima?"

" Oh!" said the coiffeur, " c'est bien autre chose; et à ce que j'ai ouï dire du beau temps de la Régence, c'est Paris comme autre fois, car il n'y a ici que le vrai brillant et tout y est enchanteur."

" But, my good friends, you have not sojourned here long enough to judge, I imagine."

" Nous arrivons à l'instant."

" And Condulmar?"

" Oh! pour Monsieur, il nous a fait dire mille politesses; mais nous ne l'avons pas encore vu!"

" Qui est ici?"

" La Princesse de L., Miladi S., et la petite Fleur de Rose."

" Quoi! elle est ici?"

" Oui, Monsieur, cette pauvre enfant a dansé jusqu'à sa dernière heure."

" Et Nirza?"

" Pas encore."

" Et Fiormonda?"

" Quant à Mademoiselle, nous ne l'avons pas vue."

" And what, my excellent Kabkarra, are they doing in that corner, which makes that most infamous noise, whilst peals of laughter from little mischievous imps show that it is a jest?"

" That," said Kabkarra, " is the famous L., the musician, whose crimes were as notorious as his talent; he is said to have caused more tears to flow than any man, and nearly as many by his wonderful art as by his infamous deeds."

"What is his punishment?"

"He is doomed, as you perceive, to take the shape of that huge viol de gamba, feeling with exquisite taste and sensitiveness, whilst those mock artists are playing upon him out of time and tune, whenever it suits their fancies.—Hark! how that note jars upon the ear; think what it must be to *his* soul embodied in the instrument! it is like the distracting tooth or ear ache, the grating sound touches upon every nerve, and sets even the dragon Henna's teeth on edge."

"I hope I fatigue you not with my questions," said Ada Reis; "but, as I am here, I would see and learn all things: who are these ladies and gentlemen who seem of gentle, kind, and fair aspect?"

"Fair forms they are in truth," said Kabkarra, "but who showed no spirit; heads ungarnished within, and mostly bald without; souls of babes, though arrived at a certain age; all modern characters, where little defects and great vanity make the sole sign of distinction; lack of virtue alone brings them here—they are nonentities, who, receiving

no admittance into the gates of paradise, have been remanded with a smile of pity and contempt to our abode; they will be placed in the nursery, where toys to entertain them await them; we shall find several of this sort at their games and pastimes as we proceed."

"But we now come," said Kabkarra, gravely, "to the picture gallery." The crowd followed, Ada Reis and his guide paused as they entered; it was indeed a sight to surprise; from the days of old until the present hour, there were portraits of every one who had betrayed his country or forsaken his God; and every countenance expressed such anguish, that it pained the heart of the spectator to look thereon; they all were painted to the life. "The eyes move," said Ada Reis.

"They drop tears of contrition," said Kabkarra; "the painter waits to place you with the rest."

"I wish to go to the end of the gallery first," said Ada Reis.

"It would take you four hundred years only to walk through it, beginning since the deluge."

" For mercy's sake, then, let us not think of it," said Ada Reis.

A large apartment, full of mechanic swings, wooden horses, ups and downs, shower baths, bats, balls, battledores and shuttle-cocks, of an immense size, was next displayed. " This," said Kabkarra, " is the nursery. These are a variety of toys, the uses of which would be tedious to explain; in that swing I have seen a lady swing for two hundred years without ever stopping, until at length she learned to know her own mind. A gentleman, who had loved and left many ladies, coming here, was kept between those battledores for a couple of centuries; the players at the game being two of our most skilful imps. The two ambassadors, in the what is vulgarly called titter-totters, are to remain there till they have finally settled the balance of power between the respective kingdoms they represent: see, at this moment one is up and the other is down."

" I hope I shall not taste of these amusements," said Ada Reis, hastening on; " and here, in good earnest, are the chess-men and girdle you presented to my daughter."

" If it give you pleasure to view these things, there are millions of them," said Kabkarra, " each more wonderful than the other. There is a stud, too, in which flame-coloured dragons, affrits, ippogriffins, rakshes, sohams, syls, ejders, hyenas, and mermaids are kept. The coach-house and store-rooms, kitchens, and dairy, are also very curious to a new comer, and worth seeing; but the jewel-room, the turning-room, the printing-press, and the women's apartments, with the illuminated galleries and banqueting-halls, are what I think you, Ada Reis, will most admire."

" I wish I were safe back again, my dear Coup de Vent," said Ada Reis with a sigh; " somehow or other, I do not feel comfortable, and the air does not agree with me. Ulysses and Æneas had been used to inconveniences on earth; I have been spoiled, except, indeed, since I quitted Lima. Might I trouble some of you, in the mean time, for a goblet of water?"

" It is the only article we have not here," said Kabkarra, in a confused tone; " but wine of every growth, and liqueurs the most

rare and costly, you can have in one instant."

"What is the hour?"

"We keep no reckoning here; there is no such thing as time."

"Ye powers supreme, what shall I do! no water! no time! why half these gentlemen will not know what to do with themselves; the English gentlemen, in particular, who do nothing but inquire what o'clock it is; and the French—why, Coup de Vent, what will they do without *eau sucrée?*"

"We shall find them occupation, I doubt not," said Kabkarra.

At the end of the nursery, Ada Reis saw with surprise grown folk not only attired like infants, but enduring the various entertainments, lessons, or punishments inflicted upon children. "I marvel," said Ada Reis, "what those rather ancient and precise-looking gentry are about?"

"They are enduring all they have inflicted," said Kabkarra: "some are condemned to translate and analyze dark passages in difficult dialects, of which possibly the author himself knew not the import: there, are they

to hammer at it daily, and when they cannot expound, they are lashed. That stiff old gentlewoman in a high chair, with a large basin of maize and milk, sees daily every dainty she most wishes for, and must alone, by spoonfuls at a time, eat the potion placed before her. These women and these men are in seminaries now themselves; they are exposed to every temptation, they are permitted to transgress every hour; and on a sudden, at the convenience or pleasure of that sedate little urchin, they are to be beaten for the detection of the same errors when found out, as it is called, which, until they are found out, they are daily allowed to practise. They are, in fact, made slaves to the arrogance and ignorance of that little despot.

" If there is any thing they more than another dislike, at which their appetite revolts, they are made to eat it. In fine, these are tutors, governors, keepers, nurses, and bonnes, who, ignorant themselves, and in proportion obstinate, rendered the happiest years, and to many the only happy years, of the life of human beings miserable, not by lawful and

necessary restraint, nor instruction, but by their false notions, conceit, and tyranny, their ignorance, and hardness of heart. They had a sacred charge, their office was highly respectable, and had they filled it properly, great would have been their reward : but they were only base pretenders. Here too are such keepers of the mad as neglected their patients and benefited themselves. Here too are servants who betrayed their trust; nurses of the sick who drank and slept, and suffered their dying patients to want. Here, also, flaunting in the distance, are pretty nursery-maids and other menials, who, by over-indulgence, flattery, and vice, perverted the children confided to their care : these are condemned to hard labour now, to sweep and clean the burning vault; to polish the iron-work in the inquisition-hall, and keep in repair the instruments of torture : hateful wretches, who, to gratify themselves, deceived the confiding parent's eye, and blighted the floweret even in the bud; they showed no mercy; ask not, Ada Reis, what is the penalty of their crime.

"This," said Kabkarra, hastening forward, "is the stamp-office. Here also are the scales, the great scales, in which the intellect and knowledge of every man is weighed against his actions and conduct. You will see in many cases the former weigh so heavy, whilst the good works are so deficient, that one scale kicks the beam, whilst the other goes at once to the lowest chambers, through the dark gallery. Hark! they are weighing now!"

"How awful! how solemn!" said Ada Reis, starting back, and listening to the hollow heavy sound.

"This, sir, is the printing-room," said Kabkarra; "here is the press."

"And who are these gentlemen?"

"Bad authors from different countries, and the friends who have insisted upon their publishing, as also most reluctantly their publisher, and all his devils with him: they are condemned to be screwed together, and stamped for ever with their own dull ideas, making a *heavy form,* and requiring the whole *strength of the pressmen,* and a *short pull,* in order to bring off a *perfect im-*

*pression.* The ribs, the tympan-joints, the frisket-joints, the garters, both ends of the rounce-spindle are all well oiled to prevent any delay.

"A thousand imps are employed here: the sheets when stamped, formed, and pressed, are made up into these stupendous folios. Now, as beating is an important part of a pressman's business, which, if not properly done, renders every other operation useless, the beaters here perform their art to a nicety. Pray, observe."

The over-curious Coup de Vent having inclined himself near the form where the beating party was placed in order, perfectly upright, one of the beaters, going on regularly from right to left, beating hard and close, close and strong, hit him a smart rap, which much amused Ada Reis, who now turned to examine the pulling and the mixing and grinding of colours. Here he found light bodies from various countries of various sorts and sizes; they were pounded and ground upon a marble slab until they produced the hue desired. The black in thought—the green

and yellow—the bloody minded—the pedantic blue, all were here, and each preserved his different characteristic colour; whilst, with wonderful dexterity, Greek, Hebrew, Arabian, Chaldean, Chinese, Egyptian, English, Ethiopian, French, German, Persian, Syrian, Tamoulic, Teutonic, were printed according to their distinct national characters.

"I was never given over much to reading," said Ada Reis, mending his pace: "it is not my intention to linger long in this place."

"And yet," said Kabkarra, turning into a magnificent library, "here is much to suit your fancy; for I believe we have every profane and immoral work that ever was written: here, too, are authors and authoresses, and bas bleus—"

"And Shaffou Paca, by all that is wonderful!" said Ada Reis, coldly inclining his head to her, for fear she should join him: she was presiding at a tea-table.

"She is a great favourite of the president," said Kabkarra. "And," then addressing her, "much respected parent, while you explain to Ada Reis the wonders of this apartment—"

"Enough, enough!" said Ada Reis impatiently; "I wish to go on. Scientific women and pedantic men were ever my aversion: bas bleus I love not. And, I pray you, as you are so very accommodating, before I see any thing more, allow me to eat and drink; for, considering the very long journey I am come, the excessive appetite I ever was famed for, and all I have gone through, it may be thought not less than natural that I should require some refreshment." In one instant a table was served; the dishes were exquisite, and in the best possible style of cookery.

When he had finished the repast, Ada Reis, upon rising from the table, was attracted by the beauty, the eloquence, and the interesting nature of a conversation which he heard going on near him. It turned upon various topics of literature, and was maintained with infinite spirit. As different questions arose, the library was ransacked for volumes to refer to. A grey-headed librarian was indefatigable in bringing the books as they were demanded. —One of the disputants wished to refer to the Book of Truth and Knowledge.

The librarian hesitated :—" There is but one copy here," he said, " and it is fixed : it cannot be moved."

" Where is it?" said the philosopher, eager to refer to the passage, that he might make out his point to those with whom he was discoursing.

" They shall see it ere long," said the old man; " but I dare not move it now."

" Where is it ?" said Ada Reis. " I will fetch it ; for I dare any thing."

" It is," said the old man, smiling malevolently, " where thousands of eyes are fixed upon it, reading and considering it. You, too, will see it in good time, but you cannot approach it now."

The mysterious words of the librarian repressed the conversation, and cast a sudden gloom over the whole of the assembly. They began to remember ( for they had all been in their day immoral and licentious writers ), they began to remember the poison which they had administered to their fellow-mortals. The venom of their sophistry had perverted innocence, and drawn the tear of anguish

from the hearts of parents. It had spread into the system, corrupted the blood, and brought many to that place where they were now themselves. The fair, the young, and the innocent had been destroyed by them; cut off, and lost for ever. They seemed to hear the reproachful voice of the victims whom they had perverted; the cry pierced the ear, and penetrated the heart: it sounded as mournful and as unavailing as the shriek of the drowning amidst the roar of the overwhelming waters. They had ruined thousands of whom they had never even heard; and they were now themselves about to be rewarded according to their works. Ada Reis, upon perceiving their sudden melancholy, thanked the Prophet that he had never written a line in his life, and was about to quit a society, which had thus in a moment lost all its gaiety and interest, when several good authors, whose lives unfortunately had not entirely accorded with their writings, were ushered in. Their works were immortal, and placed in the stars with the blessed, but they themselves were here. They were so covered

with laurel, and so puffed up with each others' compliments, that at first it was difficult to recognise any of them. When all this unnatural and artificial exterior was a little removed, and they began to see things as they really were, they were surprised to discover how cordially they had always detested each other, notwithstanding the many civil things they had been in the habit of mutually saying. "I remember these gentry upon earth," said Ada Reis, "both the good and the bad; they are just alike; it is impossible to satisfy them with flattery, any more than an actor or a singer. I often attempted to address to some of them what I conceived would be gratifying; but their expectations were always so much above any thing that I could in conscience say, that what I did say fell flat, and was taken rather as a criticism than a compliment."

A body of physicians was next introduced to Ada Reis, each coupled with his apothecary. They had been condemned at once, without further inquiry, and with evident justice, to swallow all the execrable and useless draughts, with which, playing into each others' hands,

they had drenched the stomachs of their wealthy patients. Ada Reis, however, shook them heartily by the hand; for the greater part of them were highly clever and agreeable. "I like you, gentlemen," he said; "I always did, and the more as your prescriptions I never tasted."

They now entered spacious chambers, adorned with mirrors, fitted up with silken couches, with easy chairs for rest and indolence, and others highly ornamented for show and ostentation.

"Here," said Kabkarra, "are a mixed multitude, ladies from every country, persons of all conditions, from the highest to the lowest, waiting to answer, not for great and decided crimes, but for mistakes, prejudices, follies, and foibles; for vices which wore the garb and spoke the language of virtue, and for errors of the judgment, which often produce upon your earth worse consequences than malignity of disposition."

"It somewhat surprises me," said Ada Reis, "to observe how many more men there are here than women."

"The reason," said Kabkarra, "is not so much that women are better than men, as that, by one way or another, women are generally punished upon earth for their offences: our master receives no broken and contrite hearts here. However, if you take a nearer view, females are not so very rare in these habitations.—Hark! the clamour which rises from that part of the chamber will tell you that we have some of them here." The noise, indeed, was shrill and loud; the voices of women were heard in every tone and key of vexation, peevishness, and anger, commanding, ordering, whining, complaining, scolding. Maids were called for, and reprimanded in every direction. "The former ladies," said Kabkarra, smiling, "are here the servants; their merciless caprices, their unreasonable expectations, their vanity, their meanness, are all returned upon themselves. No wonder both they and their new mistresses are dissatisfied."

Ada Reis moved towards that part of the chamber, where he found that dresses, jewels, watches, mesdames, and mesdemoiselles, and drugs of every description abounded, æther

and opium in particular; most medicines coming, as Kabkarra remarked, originally from and leading to these quarters. Here were boxes of rouge, and pearl powder, and essences; beginning from the simple essence of rose, and ending with eau de mousseline double, lait virginale, eau des souverains et de toilette: nought, that could heighten the charms or conceal the defects of nature, was wanting. "To-day," said Kabkarra, "they shall see how the king to whom they have paid tribute upon earth can entertain them; and to-morrow (their to-morrow, I mean) the will of fate must be fulfilled."

"Upon looking around the multitude of persons whom I have seen," said Ada Reis, I am surprised to miss some whom I knew upon earth, and whom I should have expected to have met here."

"Oh! I dare say we shall stumble upon them somewhere," said Kabkarra, "before we have done."

"But I am more surprised," continued Ada Reis, "to perceive a great many here who bore upon earth the highest and most irreproachable characters."

"Very likely," rejoined his guide: "we have a great many very excellent characters here; and many of them brought here on account of that which you considered as the very excellence of their characters. The religious hypocrites you have found out and exposed upon earth. Indeed, it is not my interest to say so, but perhaps you carry your suspicions of piety and devotion somewhat too far. However, it is for our advantage that they should be discouraged, and so I say no more upon that head. But there are other hypocrites and pretenders, who continue to take you in with the greatest success, and in perfect security."

"Very probably," said Ada Reis; I have always suspected as much. Now, there is a lady, who, in the country in which she lived, was always held up as a pattern and an example; correct in her own conduct, severe towards others. What can have brought her here?"

"She is here to answer for the grossness of her conversation. Indeed, she was all you have described her; but she paid herself for

the strictness of her life by the freedom of her language, and thus made it sufficiently clear that her freedom from error was by no means the result of the purity and innocence of her mind and feelings."

"That lady, who stands at some distance from her, and whom she regards with such a scowl of disdain, I remember her," said Ada Reis: "I am by no means surprised to see her here."

"You are very much mistaken," said Kabkarra, "if you suppose that that lady has any actual misconduct to answer for:—she has to account for having fallen under the suspicion of errors which she did not commit, and of having lost her character without any reason."

"Is that her fault?" said Ada Reis. "That is owing to the censoriousness of the world, the general love of scandal, the envy of rivals, the malice of enemies."

"Never," interrupted Kabkarra, "never; it is always owing to imprudence and folly."

"But, after all, is it a crime?"

"One of the greatest that can be com-

" Du tout, Monsieur; pour vous parler nettement, s'il faut tout avouer, s'il le faut, voici mes forfaits. Née, Monseigneur, avec un cœur des plus sensibles, une imagination des plus vives; enfin, Monsieur, j'ai été cause de la mort de mon père: j'ai quitté mon mari, trahi mes amants, et la douleur s'est emparée de mon âme. Au reste, je suis morte d'avoir attrapée un rhume le soir avant le tremblement de terre à Lima, où j'ai eu le bonheur de faire votre connoissance, m'étant trop echauffée en dansant."

" E lei Signora," said Ada Reis addressing an Italian, who put him for one moment in mind of his beloved Bianca di Castamela.

" L' amante mi ha trafitto per gelosia dello sposo," said the lady, passing on.

" And you, my rigid north-country English-woman, what brought you here?"

" Me, Sir! I don't know my crime."

" Your error?"

" My error!"

" Ay, my good lady."

" It was, I believe, Sir, dissipation."

" Indeed! fromyour appearance, that is

the last crime of which I should have suspected you."

"Yet, sir, I was dissipated, after our English manner; and I find that here the dullness of my dissipation is no excuse for it: it is just as criminal, they say, as is the levity of a French woman, or the gallantry and spirit of an Italian."

"And are they dull, then, in England when they lead a life of idleness, and seek for amusement?"

"Oh, sir! if you were but to know how dull. In truth, they never do seek for amusement—they are always aiming to be what they are not, or studying to hide from others what they are: they never love; they never resent; they never hate; they never enjoy: they affect alone, and they assume."

"I pity, but cannot sympathise with either them or you, madam," said Ada Reis coldly: "but pray, what are those gentlemen that torment the air with groans?"

"They are fortune-hunters, who, having married for money, thought it no crime to treat with cruelty the victims of their avarice:

they are now condemned to drink hot liquid gold and silver. Those whom they so ill treated daily administer the same to them."

"Dreadful," said Ada Reis, "but just. And, I beseech you, who is that handsome man, surrounded by women who seem persecuting him to death; is he a fortune-hunter? Now, by the Prophet, there seem enough women in that quarter; I need not have made my remark."

"Sire," said Kabkarra, "the young man you observe was, when on earth, a general admirer of the wives of others. He made his way into the houses of his neighbours under every false pretence, for the purpose of practising upon the affections of their silly and frail partners. He took advantage of every petty defect in the character and manners of the husband; made use of every calumny respecting his conduct; inflamed every domestic difference; in short, acted the part of the skilful and consummate seducer. Idleness, vanity, and entire want of judgment, were not proof against the seductions of so fashionable a profligate. His career was run, of course, in London, for no country but England

acknowledges such a master, or bows with submission to such a deity as Fashion. You have seen those who worship the all-glorious sun, and in its up-rising and down-setting think that they behold a God : they, mistaken as they are, adore at least what a God alone could have created or guided in its orbit : but for these singular believers, these enlightened idolaters, who ridiculed the worshippers of the sun whilst on earth, how can you account for their infatuation? They have bowed the knee to a meaner object than a cow or an image; they have loved, admired, thought on, lived for, a deity, which they themselves had created ; a deity composed too of a greater variety of substances than the molten idol which the stiff-necked Israelites worshipped in the desert. They have sacrificed honour, peace of mind, health, wealth, wives, parents, and, shudder when you think of it, their children, at the shrine of this painted doll, this Fashion ; and they are now, in bitter accents, lamenting their infatuation. See," continued Kabkarra, " what numbers are advancing to bow the knee and worship even

here the image I have described to you, the many-coloured deity who on earth misled them! Not frantic, like the followers of Atis; not in Bacchanalian riot and disorder, do they advance wildly to perform horrid rites, but gently reserved, and timidly fearful, these fair but fated votaries approach! In their hands they bear flowers once fragrant, now blighted, to strew upon that altar to which in early youth they were sacrificed. How mournful, how haggard is their air!"

"Yet do they dance and smile, and sing the song of love and joy," said Ada Reis.

"It is no effort," replied Kabkarra, "for them thus to deceive the eyes of others, whilst their hearts are bleeding: the mask of gaiety, the outward garb of happiness, these misled votaries are commanded to put on; many, however, have no hearts nor minds: these, if you observe, follow the rest, and form the mass of the assembly, whilst the more distinguished, with heads erect, and insolent air, usurp at parties and at feasts the places of supposed distinction: these wear peculiar badges of servitude to their deity, to raise

them in the estimation of the gaping crowd; they mingle not, if you observe, with the vulgar herd—nothing in life for them had charms but honours denied to others. At theatres they sat apart; to public exhibitions they went upon days when the public were excluded; the beauties of nature, the works of art, the mimic representation of passions exhibited on the stage, study, amusement, the voice of song, the fire of genius, were all tasteless and dull to their apprehension, unless they alone might exclusively see, hear, read, enjoy, what others could not."

"I would speak with them," said Ada Reis, "and hear from their own mouths their divers histories."

"Alas! the history of one," said Kabkarra, "is the history of all."

As he yet spoke, a fly, gaily extending its wings, soared round and round, ever the same continued round until it consumed itself in the flame of a golden lamp, and languished away in agoni[illegible].—Kabkarra, pointing to it, smiled scornfully—"Such is the history, and such the fate of those you have gazed upon

—but enough of them.—Passion, not fashion, I imagine, sire, brought you here."

"I would converse," said Ada Reis, "with that thin woman:—why does she weep thus? Art thou also one of these? Thy fated wreath, thy haggard air, thy lingering step, declare it."

"I once was one of them," said the lady, with a deep-drawn sigh; "but I am nothing now."

"Communicate to me, gentle lady," said Ada Reis, "what have been your adventures, and what occasions you such regret?"

"The happy dream of life being for ever passed; the dread, too, lest I should have been thought wanting in gratitude and attachment to those I loved so well."

"Are you sincerely penitent for your errors?"

"From my heart, I am!"

"What are you doomed to suffer?"

"My punishment is now to see the shades of every one once dear to me pass by me with indifference; to feel intensely, but to know that none do feel for me; to hear from time-pieces, all day and all night long, not the

hours, but all my thousand follies and faults repeated; and to be conscious that all my thoughts, wishes, and actions are misrepresented. Sir, can I say more? I was idolized —I am—ah! would I were only forgotten!— But it is well—I lost myself. I felt the harshness and the unkindness of some too keenly —I seized a pen—and the pen which knew once but to write with the milk of human kindness I dipped in gall."

"No woman should ever write," said Ada Reis.

The lady sighed.

"Name to me," said Ada Reis, "as they pass us in long procession, these misled votaries, and tell me truly all you know of them."

"They have borne with me," said the lady: "I will never return evil for good, and—". . As she yet spoke, she mournfully turned away, and followed with the rest.

"If I had but really believed all this," said Ada Reis, "nor passion, nor fashion, nor ought else should have brought me here. Why, Kabkarra, you knave of knaves, you never even hinted at such things."

" Did I not?"

" No, by the prophet; and, so far from it, you promised to gratify my ambition to its fullest extent; you even promised me, you dog, to bestow upon me a kingly crown!"

" That promise alone should have told you," said Kabkarra, " that I meant you but little favour; for whether it be of thorns or of gold, it is a heavy care to him upon whom it is bestowed. Man, when he places it upon his brows, assumes a pre-eminence over his fellow-creatures, and undertakes an awful responsibility: if he perform the arduous task well, his reward is infinite; and if he fail, Ada Reis, much is forgiven to the difficulty of his situation. But I speak only, my good Sir, of kings who were born to the honour; upon whom it descended unsought for, and not to such as thou, who had no more need, heaven help thee! of being a king than a cook; and as I know you are fond of eating, tell me, by-the-by, if you ever any where tasted such fare."

" I think at Paris."

" Why the very traiteur you allude to is

head cook here; and another such left in that city had sent the rest of the inhabitants of that too delightful capital to us without a chance of redemption."

"Oh, this at least is good," said Ada Reis; "then we shall live well, at all events. But Fiormonda?"

"I hasten to find her," said Kabkarra, for one moment retiring.

Ada Reis now turned about, and observed that from every apartment, whoever they might be, and whatever might have been their occupation, every soul was following him; he seemed to be the leader of an immense multitude, or the popular representative of an English city, or a Pasha performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, so great was the increasing number of his followers, and so diversified were their various countenances and habits. An equerry, named Mousti, now opened a door, just peeped through it, then shut it again, and laughed. Ada Reis, who never took a jest well, unless he had provoked it, and who was curious to a fault, was highly offended at this freedom, and might

have fallen into a phrensy of passion, had not at that instant the new guide approaching with solemnity, requested him to put on the royal robe and the crown, and permit himself to be conducted to the golden chamber and illuminated gallery, where an entertainment had been prepared in return for the voluntary visit he had paid to the master of these regions.

"Belnaby! I think it singular I have not seen thy master before this; it is no mark of respect in him to treat me thus. Where is he? what is he about?"

Ada Reis received no answer to this inquiry.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ROYAL APARTMENT.

"I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

*Vathek.*

Kabkarra returned; the doors of the royal cabinet were open. Ada Reis walked forward. All was gloomy here; nor massive gold, nor imperial purple, nor magnificence, nor cold ceremony, could enliven the cheerless aspect of the place.

"It is not just! it is not just! it is not just! that we should be here," cried the multitude, mournfully addressing Ada Reis; as vast numbers surrounded him on his entrance, all lamenting, and all looking to him with hope of redress; for even in these strange scenes and halls they required a leader, the Europeans in particular; and seeing in Ada Reis that manner which bespoke command, and hearing that he was a monarch, without fur-

ther discussion they accompanied him wheresoever he led them.

What had the gloomy party now given for one hour of that life they had lavished away with such prodigal unconcern! Of what matter now were the quarrels, bickerings, envyings, hatings, fears, and hopes, which had darkened or illumined their journey upon earth! How their hearts reproached them for every act of unkindness to creatures as frail, as miserable as themselves! How idle appeared now every useless extravagance, every selfish care! They were at the end of all things; and as time past was presented to the memory of each, with every action marked, as in a chart, their spirits sickened at the detail and exhibition of so many follies and iniquities; and, what was still more painful to them, they saw that others knew them, and all they had done, and they durst not look around them, so great was their humiliation. A thousand eager voices arising at once, continually inquired—"What was to be their doom?" some asking, others speculating, others reasoning, others fearing, others

hoping—no one answering. But as soon as they had entered the royal cabinet a deep and solemn silence ensued; for there, under a canopy, Fiormonda and Condulmar were seated in awful majesty upon thrones, adorned with every badge of royalty. Despair was pictured upon Fiormonda's countenance; malice and cruelty distorted the beautiful expression of Condulmar's. Ada Reis paused to contemplate this unexpected scene. It is true, Fiormonda wore an imperial diadem, but it appeared to weigh upon and oppress her. She was pale, as is the first hue of death, but, like it, calm, and still lovely: passion no longer lighted her eye, nor moved her lip; a look of suffering only proved that she was alive; but though alive, the heart that had felt so warmly was as ice; the blood that, in its rapid current, had rioted so violently, was chilled; the thoughts, which had burst the bonds and fetters imposed by reason and duty, were all now turned inwardly upon herself.

Ada Reis was for a moment deeply affected. He advanced, and would have clasped her to his bosom, but he could not approach her.

She only looked upon him with mournful, reproachful silence; her eyes gazing as the eyes of one in stupor, but half-conscious of what they see: her countenance perfect in beauty, but darkened in its expression by all the hopelessness of despair.

"We keep no sabbath here" was written in large and bright characters above the throne. Kabkarra, to relieve Ada Reis, drew aside a rich curtain, and suddenly the illuminated gallery burst upon his admiring view. This was splendour! this was beauty! It was lighted with a brilliancy unknown in the palaces of mortals, and in the midst of it was spread a banquet of more than regal magnificence. A burst of rapturous applause proceeded from the astonished crowd.

"By the Prophet, this is fine!" said Ada Reis.

"Enjoy thyself the moment granted," said Kabkarra.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE BANQUET.

" A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris—amber—steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!"

*Paradise Regained.*

As the first clamour of wonder and delight subsided, a profound silence again prevailed; but the spectacle was at once so grand and so fair, that each individual awakened from despair to remorse, from remorse to hope.

The tables were covered with the richest meats, fruits the most tempting, and wines of exquisite and rare flavour, whilst opening doors displayed a superb range of apartments,

ornamented with breathing marbles, and paintings the most exquisite : one charm alone was wanting—the charm of rarity ; for jewels and gold were scattered around with such profusion as to be disregarded, and the blaze of light was reflected from so many mirrors, that the dazzled eye had difficulty in fixing itself upon any one object. While thus rapt in enchantment, music was suddenly heard, such as the ear of love listens to with delight ; not the martial strain that kindles our wilder passions, neither the mournful tone that melts the heart to sadness, but the soft-breathing flute, the gay guitar, the harp accompanied by the Italian voice, notes that thrill the ear, and vibrate to the heart; and after this a more lively and a nobler strain. Its effect was like that of a summer breeze on a gloomy day, which puts the feathery spray of the saplings in motion, while the duskier foliage hardly quivers to the sound ; for its effect on the youthful and gay was instantaneous. Fairy forms circled with even measure in the easy waltz, or glided in the light quadrille, while the Spanish and the Russian

moved lightly to the sound of the balalaika, or bounded to the gay rattle of the castanets. Condulmar and Fiormonda presided over the entertainment, and Ada Reis was to fill the next seat of honour. Fiormonda hitherto had not spoken; and despair still sate unmoved upon her countenance.

Condulmar seemed to regard her with a smile of scorn. In truth, he hated and despised her, and had the misery of feeling she could never die; turning, therefore, from her with disdain, he descended from the throne, and approached the banquet, making sign for every one to be seated. Ada Reis had been waiting some time for a word of notice. Condulmar now fixed his eyes upon him and smiled a welcome, then casting them around upon the fair assemblage, "Men and women of the world," he said, "I am commanded to bid you welcome by him I may not name, whose sceptre for this night I bear. Partake of this feast, enjoy the moments allowed you, and to-morrow your claims will be fairly heard, and your future state appointed. Ada Reis, as a friend, I greet you."

A nice observer might, perhaps, have detected as much of mockery as of complaisance in Condulmar's address, but it was accepted by the multitude as it appeared to be intended, when Fiormonda arising, at length broke silence as follows, in unexpected accents: "Unhappy mortals," she cried, "O yet beware! all here is deception. This palace is but the abode of remorse and grief; these flowers distil poison; these viands carry in them death; in the goblet is a serpent, and the lips of love will whisper curses after they have touched it; eat not, drink not, but repent."

"In life's short day," said Condulmar, "you had time and means allotted to distinguish between good and evil; and having preferred and followed evil, have joined me in this abode. You have chosen for yourselves, and now learn as far as you can yet learn, the value of your choice; it has been yours to sin, it is mine to reward."

As upon a stormy night the shrieking wind sounds mournfully as it passes over the forests, and shakes with its violence some old battle-

ment, so one fearful cry of wailing and despair burst from the assembled guests, and made the galleries and halls tremble with the sound. Fiormonda again addressed herself to Condulmar, her voice faint and broken, as if no longer supported by hope. "Were it possible to move the unjust to one act of justice, were there a single chance of impressing the hardened heart, I should yet be heard. It is true, that, in the short deceitful days of life, we committed errors: young in mind, and wanting in experience, we suffered ourselves to be beguiled; we knew right from wrong, I allow; but demons in your form being permitted to arise and tempt us, it was scarce possible for us to resist: in the name of these beings, who, like myself, have been beguiled, I plead.—If it be permitted to you,—if yet a pitying angel hovers over us to snatch us from your grasp,—try us but once again; permit us, with our present consciousness of the punishment that awaits us, to encounter any temptation: and should we, by our conduct, and sincere repentance, merit some mitigation of our menaced fate,

may we hope to find it? Alas! we judged but through the medium of our senses; we saw imperfectly, and the intelligence of our minds was not sufficient to penetrate the mystery: young, infatuated, inexperienced, we suffered ourselves to be misled; but had we lived, had time been given us, had we positively felt afraid——"

"This," said Condulmar, "is the general complaint; but Ada Reis knows human nature too well, not to be certain that were you again, with all the experience you have acquired, to be exposed to temptation, you would again fall before it."

"Oh, but we should not!" cried a million of voices at once. "Put us to the proof now, now that we know to what error and frivolity will lead, restore us but for a few moments to life, give us but one chance more, tempt us as you will, but let us retain a certain remembrance of the consequence of our faults, and see if we shall again commit them."

"Why do I waste my tears and prayers," said Fiormonda, "upon one who cannot feel. Too happy in our misery, you would not give

us this one chance of safety, even were the power granted you to allow of it."

Something like a smile curled the lip of Condulmar, when a voice arose from beneath, which seemed to shake the foundations of the palace,—" The power is granted to me, and the trial shall be made!"

" Creatures of clay, attend!—On this one night depends your fate. The master I serve, although reviled by all, cannot, may not be unjust; justice wills, that penitence be put to the proof. We force no votaries into our train; we need not the harsh means of force and compulsion: no one enters the service of our sovereign, except willingly and by his own consent. You came here by your own free choice; you shall now have power given, if you desire it, to depart; Zubanyànn is not a tyrant; he wins and rules by gentleness and persuasion, not by compulsion and violence. Your feelings and passions will return: remember, in the hour of temptation, eternal happiness or misery depends upon your choice. Should you now resist the seductions of vice, and break through her fascinations,

angels, who yet hover above in hopes of bearing you hence, shall snatch you from our grasp. Energy, firmness, resolution, may regain for you that which you have lost: awake, then, and strive for victory, as the hour of trial is at hand."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DAY OF PROBATION.

As in the Mediterranean and summer seas the waves will often not begin to work and whiten till the wind is down, so when the voice, which had been listened to in silence, ceased, a mixed murmur arose. All lifted up their voices, all promised, and all resolved, and at this moment from above the vaulted roof the hymn of penitence and faith struck full upon their hearing. Amidst the choir Fiormonda distinguished the voice of her guardian spirit;—her heart melted into grief, yet hope prevailed. The diadem no longer oppressed her temples, a smile from Condulmar was all that she desired: he looked upon her, as when first he had loved her.

Oh! what a dream is happiness, since it depends upon a smile or frown! That look restored Fiormonda from despair to ecstasy; and the beauty and vivacity of her coun-

tenance returned once again to captivate each beholder. She was now no longer a silent mournful shade, but the idol and queen of the feast; and the first act of her changed feelings was to throw herself into her father's arms, who clasped her to his heart, and wept with tears of joy. Others were there as young and nearly as lovely as Fiormonda, who no sooner forgot their former alarm, than they gave way to their former flow of spirits.

Lovers now wandered around the galleries with the ladies of their hearts, asking of them their adventures, and describing what had occurred to themselves, since they had parted. Ada Reis, in transport, calling Coup de Vent, and Fleur de Rose, and Kabkarra, entreated that the splendid banquet might not be neglected, nor the déjeuné à la fourchette, of which he had partaken in the morning, prevent the evening repast. Shaffou Paca, as usual, presided at her tea-table of bas bleus, to which every one was not admitted.

At the same time, whatever was done was done in fear, and alarm still crept over the guests, as they recollected where they were;

so that they might be said to rejoice in trembling, and to feast with dread. Hope, however, was theirs with all her fair attributes; the feast was exquisite, the chambers beautiful, and the whole scene of unparalleled magnificence.

The conversation by degrees grew more and more animated and interesting. "How singular, after all, that there should be such a place!"

"I never believed a word of it, I swear to you," said one, "though I affected to do so, of course, for the example."

"But what do you really imagine, after all, is to happen?" said another.

"Really," replied a third, "I have done with imagining now."

A Monsieur de S——, a celebrated professor of philosophy, who had often proved (to his own satisfaction) the falsehood of all religion, was now discoursing with Ada Reis. "He was," he said, "he must confess, exceedingly discomposed at what had occurred; a point blank refutation, he acknowledged, of arguments which had convinced the most

enlightened, and gained for himself the highest distinction. But that which surprised him even more was, that so many philosophers were wrong, and so much of what they were thought actually to have demonstrated erroneous. I used," added Monsieur de S——, "to talk much of the weakness of the understanding of man, of the narrow limit of human views, of the strength of prejudice, and the wanderings of imagination; but until I came here, I was never aware of the extent to which they existed, nor of how much the world was misled by them."

Ada Reis stood some moments musing deeply upon what the professor said. "It is strange, sir!" at length he exclaimed: "I too, like you, have been deceived; and now I find that all I thought certain is false, and all that I derided and disbelieved as impossible is true."

A lady, who had pleaded with eloquence for a respite and further trial, now perceived her lover by her side, "Are you here?" said she; "is it possible?"

"Your hand," said her lover.

"Take it," she said, "it is yours alone and for ever."

But hardly were their hands united, when the chill of death crept over her. "How deadly cold," she cried, as they stood petrified and entranced, while the gay company still laughed around and saw them not, or gazed upon them as on the statues which supported the portico.

Every one perceived with astonishment the weakness of his neighbour; every one in turn proved, that were they to be tempted, as others were, they should assuredly resist. Some took the opportunity of the failure of others, to preach to such as remained, warning them of their danger; some turned with asperity from those whose errors they had observed, wholly unconscious of their own. These supposed advocates of chastity and religion were astonished at finding themselves in such a place—like the pharisees, they enumerated all they had done—like them they looked with horror upon the frail company before them, and with whom to avoid associating they formed a little junto of their own,

when suddenly a mirror was exhibited to their view, in which they saw the malice, the envy, the uncharitableness of their hearts. "For these," said the guide, "for these who showed no mercy to their fellow-creatures, no mercy shall be shown: and by the religion and the morality they have misapplied and misused they shall be judged and condemned." Their fate occasioned infinite triumph to the lawless and the profligate; but short was their laugh, and short their boast: for, strange to tell, every one yielded, however resolved against it, when his own particular ruling passion was excited by temptation. So that before the evening had concluded, the pretended patriot had sold himself for hire; the minister had betrayed his king; the king, in his resolves, had oppressed his country; the son had forsaken his parent; the parent had mis-spent the heritage of his children; the virgin had renounced her honour; the wife had forgotten her vow; the ambitious man had become mean; and the infidel, after enjoying all the blessings of a long life in a fair and wonderful world, denied his Creator!

Ada Reis, with new animation in his eyes, filled his goblet to the brim, and laughed at the failure of each departing guest, swearing that he himself had never felt happier any where. "In truth," he added, "if it were not my own inclination, I have done nothing to deserve being retained in these abodes."

As he spoke, a female stood before him; it was not Fiormonda, but one little less beautiful, and much resembling her. Could it be? Yes, it was! it was Bianca di Castamela—young, innocent, attached: he approached to greet her—at that instant the shade of Giuliano passed him. Bianca appeared confused—her infidelity was beyond a doubt. Jealousy raged in Ada Reis's heart; he seized her by her dark tresses, and, dragging her along, prepared himself to take signal vengeance upon her. She knelt, she implored for mercy: she fell a mangled corpse at his feet. Then with a hollow laugh he rejoiced at what he had done. The vision fled.

"I have done a deed of blood," said Ada Reis; "but I am secure."

"Rejoice in that security," said his guide;

"thy crimes are not single: continue, therefore, and enjoy thyself."

Condulmar again breathed vows of ardour to his mistress. "I have disguised till now," he said, "my real wishes; your love, dearest and best beloved, is all I ask for. In infancy I watched thee, in maturer years I directed thy mind—thou art mine! My feigned disdain was but to make trial of thy attachment." At that moment the last faint sound of an evening vesper passed over the ear of Fiormonda; she looked upon Condulmar, his beautiful countenance was softened with the expression of love, his eyes were dimmed with tears. "I am miserable," he said, "and amidst thousands I am alone." * * * * * * * * * *

All have, perhaps, felt what it is to love with ardour; some have, no doubt, been loved again, even to idolatry. Have any, thus loved, been forsaken—have they endured the agonising bitterness of heart of seeing those for whom they have wasted feeling, perhaps their character, unworthy; and what some lovers feel, even more, ungrateful, contemptuous, and

indifferent—has this been the case ?—in one generous heart has affection yet outlived the hard trial?—has such a one struggled hard, yet failed, to overcome an unworthy attachment; and was that being thus doted upon believed to be superior to all others? was his smile, like Condulmar's, all beautiful and seductive?—was his voice soft and persuasive? —in his frown was there death to the heart's peace? Let such a one now imagine Fiormonda amidst the base, the vile, the wicked; estranged from every human tie, and lost to that love which she still continued to cherish.

" Is that a catalpa in your bosom ?" said Condulmar: " give it to me, in token of forgiveness."

She looked upon him, and love, more dangerous than an infectious fever, caught from his glance new fuel wherewith to consume her ;—she hesitated ; she had forgotten his cruelty—his wickedness : she adored him, and she saw that her attachment was returned. She felt again with all the confiding innocence, the ardour, the enthusiasm of first youth, for to that period had she returned.

The moment of temptation had recurred, and human frailty could scarcely resist: suddenly springing from its delusions, she knelt and prayed for support.

Scarce had she uttered the heartfelt prayer, when her spirit, like a cloud, dissolved and melted into air. She was borne through the shrieking winds; she was carried in the lightning amidst storms and whirlwinds. Through flame and through air she saw crowding before her astonished senses all that was, and is, and will be: delirium never conjured up such fantastic horrors as passed before her; but her determination continued unshaken, and by that determination she was preserved.

In the meantine the revellers continued their entertainment. The song was gay, the dance was more and more rapid; the wine was quaffed, the meats vanished, and the light became so dazzling that the enfeebled eye could scarce endure it. Condulmar now approached his other votaries and admirers with tempting and deceitful words; but, whilst he spoke, his visage became deformed, and its expression terrible.

His adulators started back. "Is this," they said, "him whom we have loved?"

"I was ever," he cried, "the monster you now see me. I did not even disguise myself, fair and frail ones, but you chose to love me in spite of what I was. I sought you not; more even than this, I warned you. I have the same splendid talents now, the same powers of seduction; one only gift I retain not, and, to your shame I speak it, it seems the only one which has power to win and keep you—I mean beauty. My conversation shall be as delightful, but my smile more horrible than imagination can conceive."

Ada Reis heeded not what was passing; he had entered into a fierce dispute with several learned men.

The Book of Life was again appealed to. "There is but one copy here," said the same malignant old librarian, whom Ada Reis had conversed with in the morning.

"I will fetch it," cried Ada Reis; "ay, and I will see this king of terrors face to face. I will read in the Book of Life, though millions of demons should oppose my passage! Come

with me, ye disciples, as I am, of evil: we have seen the beauties and wonders of this palace; let us now look upon our king himself."

He arose, and went forward; all crowded after him; a sudden darkness enveloped them. The chill from a newly-opened vault could not have occasioned a tremor like the cold which now shook every limb of the terrified guests: they remembered, each of them, that again they had failed under temptation—the hour of probation was passed; darkness was over all; none can conceive the depth of that darkness. As in the silence of night a sleeping city is at once awakened by the shrieks of the dying when a sudden fire has broken out and devours whole streets, such horror and astonishment came upon them. Ada Reis started; but with desperate courage proceeded on his way—low wailings, convulsive sobs, were heard around—the stifled groan, the agonizing sigh, the bursting heart, every where betrayed the victims of uncontrolled passion, lawless ambition, and misused talents. The bright aspiring eye of genius was down-

cast, as before the mind of each individual appeared his past life in full review, and all his sins blazoned forth without excuse or palliation. Now flames issued from the vault, a dazzling light broke the darkness, and again deep darkness followed the light, till the bewildered brain and enfeebled sight became confused. Then that power, which yet upheld them, gave way, and they fell sinking into that abyss, where myriads of the miserable were condemned to remain in an eternity of anguish, falling headlong for ever, as in whirlwinds the hot sand circled around their parched bodies, and the cold blast pierced their unprotected lungs—A shrill trumpet sounded at intervals; it sounded the funeral of life's hopes, pleasures, and illusions.

Ada Reis pursued his course—despair had taken possession of his heart. The old grey librarian still guided him on his way: terrific noises now distracted his hearing; sights the most disgusting, huge, and extraordinary, crowded, one after the other, before him; thought travelled with such speed through his brain, that incoherent madness could alone be

likened to it; yet consciousness was left him. "I will read in the Book of Life," he continually cried; "I will see my king face to face."

Kabkarra suddenly reappeared; he laughed —that laugh grew louder and louder—one prolonged terrific yell then issued from the burning vault. "Hail, Ada Reis! Hail, king! hail, emperor of the whole surrounding scene!" said Kabkarra.

The various noises, the crowding sights, the intense heat and cold, ceased—Ada Reis gazed as upon one interminable sea; his eye seemed strengthened, so as in one view to grasp a vast ocean without boundary; and far, far as he gazed, all shrouded, all cold, the wrecked, the dead arose silently upon the surface of that still water. They all mournfully gazed upon the gates of fire which yet concealed the burning vault, the only point of land visible in that cold, still, never-varying ocean.

Issuing from that vault, a voice loud and terrible thus addressed the multitude: "Cease, wretched beings! to hope: the hour is past!

I am your king; you have worshipped me on earth, you have worshipped me here—fall down and tremble before my feet! Hail, Ada Reis!"

The massive portals opened, and, wide as is the surface of the heavens, the Book of Truth opened upon Ada Reis's view,—every leaf was bright as a silver cloud, or the shining surface of a lake, whilst upon each page was written, in distinct characters of fire, the word of the Most High. It was suspended in the centre, and the atmosphere around it was serenely calm; rescued souls, still performing penance, supported the leaves; with eyes averted and raised towards heaven, they prayed eternally for the condemned; whilst fire and smoke enveloped the evil. The condemned within the immeasurable depth of the area crowded together, all wailing and imploring for release from pain. That release was granted. They were now silent, and from a distance stood mournfully gazing upon the sacred book; their breaking hearts and sorrowing eyes were all fixed upon its glorious promises, with the consciousness that they

had contemned, disbelieved, and rejected its commands.

The bad angels, though not permitted to approach and touch the book, surrounded it with flames of fire, which they breathed from their nostrils and mouths, vainly endeavouring to darken and consume its pages; but, like a stream of light athwart the darkness, it remained unobscured. Condulmar now entered; and with a form which had not yet lost all its original lustre, took his post, and pointed to the sacred volume with a mournful air. The monarch of that abode appeared not.

Whilst Ada Reis pondered upon this fearful and unexpected scene, his feet became riveted, and his eyes, never more to turn away, were drawn towards that, to him, despairing leaf; the awful sentence upon which so many bleeding hearts, distracted thoughts, and weeping eyes were fixed, was now read to him by a voice from beneath, loud as the shock of clouds and the last trump:—it said—

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Whilst these hardened victims were suffering the punishment of their crimes, impenitence, and want of faith, Fiormonda was borne away by the good spirit, through all the terrors and dangers of that mysterious gulf which separates the living from the dead.

"Have mercy and save me!" she cried, starting from visions of agony and sorrow which pursued her, when, upon opening her eyes, she found herself in an Indian hut, surrounded by faithful Indians, who were endeavouring to soothe her pain, and administer relief to her fainting frame. "Where am I?" she cried, gazing wildly around her. Was all she had felt, then, but a dream? Could the human mind have pictured that which she had seen? And was she still on earth, saved, by the care of Providence, from that tremendous earthquake which had destroyed so many others? What was the truth she knew not. Never more did she see Condulmar or Ada

Reis ; never more did she re-enter the ruined city of Lima. Far away from all she had loved, she sought, in a lone country, for a sacred asylum—she dedicated her heart to her Creator ; she studied by day and by night to subdue in herself every selfish and weak feeling —and she succeeded.

In the course of time a pious missionary, who chanced to pass near her humble dwelling, hearing of her great piety, called upon her to be baptised, and converted her to the true faith : then, with tears of gratitude, she blessed the mercy of her Redeemer, and prayed the heart's prayer of the penitent. Her sole object, with respect to others, was to do good ; and, for herself, her sole employment was to repent her past offences, and to amend her life. She lived the remainder of her days alone. Peace at length returned to her suffering heart ; and when she died, she died in the hope that she had been of use, that she was beloved and regretted by her fellow-creatures, and forgiven by that Being who delights in mercy, and to whom she commended her spirit.

## CONCLUSION.

Not far from the town of Guatimala, upon the Rio Las Vaccas, in the province of Honduras, in Mexico, arise two mountains. The one remarkable for its perpetual verdure, blooming flowers, and richly-cultivated land; the other for a wild and barren volcano, ever groaning deeply from within, and rolling to the heavens volumes of sulphureous smoke.

The native Indians imagine that a good and an evil spirit dwell within these heights.

The good spirit is said to inhabit the verdant mountain, where spring ever reigns; and the evil spirit to dwell in the volcano, from whence it rushes forth in flame and desolation. Thus ends the history of Ada Reis!

Ye, of whatsoever country, age, or sex, who have accompanied me through these pages, attend to the moral of them. Kabkarra is every where, ever active, ever zealous, ever lying in wait and watching for his prey. But, for those who will listen to his

voice, Zevahir is still at hand to rescue and to save. There is no seduction so alluring, that he will not enable the senses to resist it; no danger so appalling, that he will not animate the soul to brave it; no situation so lost and miserable, that those who will listen to his exhortations may not extricate and retrieve themselves from it.

The resolution and energy which his lessons inspire can, by sure but slow degrees, raise and elevate to the summit of happiness and of honour.

Arise, ere it be too late—the fate of man is in the will of man. The good spirit will confirm the resolute, and embolden the bold; but the timid and the feeble voluntarily deliver themselves over to Kabkarra.

Look then, into your own heart; repent, and pray; beware of the fate of Ada Reis; for, however seductive the paths of pleasure, however delightful the palace, the banquets, and the song of the tempter, remember that, step by step, they lead to the gate of the burning vault, over which it is written—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate."

# NOTES.

Note 1, page 27.

*In the chase.*

Hunting is the only diversion of the country; a stranger at first would consider their extreme ardour as rashness, till he sees persons of the greatest prudence joining in them, trusting entirely to their horses. The horses do not wait for the riders to animate them; they set forward full speed at the shouts of the huntsmen, and cries of the dogs. Then it will be prudent in the rider to give him his way, and at the same time to let him feel the spur to carry him over the precipices. These horses are called parameros; their usual pace is trotting. There is another species equally remarkable for their swiftness and security, called aquilillas; though they

only pace, they equal the longest trot of others, and some of them are so fleet that no other horse can equal them at full gallop. I once was master of one of this kind, and which often carried me in twenty minutes from Callao to Lima, which is two measured leagues and a half, and in twenty-eight minutes brought me back, without ever taking off the bridle. The pace of the aquililas is by lifting up the fore and hind leg of the same side at once, but instead of putting the hinder foot in the place where the forefoot was, as is the usual way of pacing horses, they advance it farther, equal to that on the contrary side, or beyond it; thus in each motion they advance twice the space of the common horses.—See *Voyage to South America*, by Don George Ivan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, vol i. p. 477.

Note 2, page 34.

*A l'aile de pigeon.*

A style of dress for the hair, once in fashion at Paris, as was the repentir, the désesperées; and also the colours, gris de souris effrayée, ventre de la reine, etc. For these consult Hypolite, Le Page, and Rigolet.

Note 3, page 48.

*At that hour the fair and beautiful city of Lima.*

On the 28th of October, 1746, at half an hour after ten at night, five hours and three quarters before the full of the moon, the concussions began with such violence, that in little more than three minutes, the greatest part, if not all the buildings, great and small, in the whole city were destroyed, burying under their ruins those inhabitants who had not made sufficient haste into the streets and squares; the only places of safety in these terrible convulsions of nature.

At length the horrible effects of this first shock ceased; but the tranquillity was of short duration, concussions returning with such frequent repetitions, that the inhabitants, according to the account sent of it, computed 200 in the first twenty-four hours.

The fort of Callao at the very same hour sunk into ruins; but what it suffered from the earthquake in its buildings was inconsiderable, when compared to the terrible catastrophe that followed; for the sea, as is usual on such occasions, receding to a considerable distance, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with agitation, and suddenly turned Callao and the neighbouring country

into a sea. This was not, however, totally performed by the first swell of the waves, for the sea retiring further, returned with still more impetuosity, the stupendous water covering both the walls and other buildings of the place; so that whatever had escaped the first, was now totally overwhelmed by those terrible mountains of waves, and nothing remained except a piece of the wall of the fort of Santa Cruz, as a memorial of this terrible devastation. There were then 23 ships and vessels, great and small, in the harbour, of which 19 were absolutely sunk; and the other four, amongst which was a frigate called St. Firmin, carried by the force of the waves to a considerable distance up the country.

This terrible inundation extended to other ports on the coast, as Cavallas and Guanape; and the towns of Chancay, Guara, and the valleys Della Baranca, Sape, and Pativilca, underwent the same fate as the city of Lima. The number of persons who perished in the ruin of that city, before the 31st of the same month of October, according to the bodies found, amounted to 1300, besides the maimed and wounded, many of whom only lived a short time in torture.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 84.

Note 4, page 51.

*Many miles forward upon the land.*

See Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 85.

Note 5, page 51.

*Even to the power of the Incas.*

All the Indians of Auraca, Tucapel, and others inhabiting the more southern parts of the banks of the river Biobio, and also those who live near the Cordillera, have hitherto eluded all attempts made for reducing them under the Spanish government. For in this boundless country, as it may be called, when strongly pushed, they abandon their huts, and retire into the more distant part of the kingdom, where being joined by other nations, they return in such numbers, that all resistance would be temerity, and again take possession of their former habitations.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 282.

Note 6, page 53.

*Their meal, matalotage and maize.*

The common food of the Indians, as we have before observed, is maize, made into camcha or mote, and macha: the manner of preparing the latter is to roast the maize, and then reduce it to a flour, and this without any other apparatus or

ingredient, they eat by spoonfuls; two or three of which, and a draught of chica, or, when that is wanting, of water, complete their repast. When they set out on a journey, their whole viaticum is a little bag, which they call gueri-ta, full of this meal, and a spoon: this suffices for a journey of fifty or a hundred leagues. When hungry, they stop at some place where chica is to be had, or at some water; where, after taking a spoonful of their meal into their mouth, they keep it some time, in order more easily to swallow it, and with two or three such spoonfuls, well diluted with chica, or, if that is not to be had, with water, they set forward as cheerfully as if risen from a feast.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 424.

Note 7, page 55.

*Brought the* vi-jahua.

The vi-jahua is a leaf generally five feet in length, and two and a half in breadth. They grow wild, and without any stem. The principal rib in the middle is between four and five lines in breadth, but all the other parts of the leaf are perfectly soft and smooth, with a very fine white and viscid down. Besides the common use of it in covering houses, it also serves for packing up salt, fish, and other goods sent to the mountains, as it secures

them from the rain. They are also, in these desert places, of singular use for running up huts on any exigency.—Ulloa's *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 224.

Note 8, page 58.

*Of the great Maranon.*

See Ulloa, vol. i. 379.

Note 9, page 60.

*All had tails, which they wagged when pleased, and turned down when frightened.*

Copied from p. 31 of *Mœurs des Sauvages,* by Le P. Lafitau.

Ada Reis might possibly have met with such a race as is described by Euphemius. Pausanias says, that anxious to know whether there were really any satyrs, and of what nature they were, he had interrogated several travellers upon that head, although hitherto in vain; but, at length, a certain Euphemus, a carrier, had assured him, that when sailing towards the coast of Italy, a violent storm had sent his vessel far away to the extremities of the ocean, where, he said, they found islands inhabited by savages. "Dont la chair est fort rougeâtre et qui ont des queues, lesquelles ne sont pas moindres que celles des chevaux." This account, continues the Père Lafitau, appears to me

to be *assez vraisemblable,* and the description of these islanders agrees entirely with the description of the Caraibes, who were masters of the Antilles, from whence the greatest part have, in later times, been driven by the Europeans. The flesh of this people is red. "Et c'est moins un effet du climat que l'imagination des mères, qui trouvant de la beauté dans cette couleur, la transmettent à leur fruit." It is also, which the Père mentions, red by art, as they are painted every day with the rocou, and thus appear of the colour of blood; as to the tails, which the sailors maintained that they beheld, it was the effect of terror, which made them take

Des queues postiches, pour des queues réelles.

And almost all the uncivilized nations of America give themselves that ornament; in particular, when they are going to war.

## Note 10, page 64.

### *It was the Zumbadore.*

The zumbadore, or hummer, is a night-bird peculiar to the mountainous deserts, and they are seldom seen, though frequently heard, both by their singing and a strange humming made in the air by the rapidity of their flight, and which may

be heard at the distance of fifty toises; and when near is louder than that of a rocket. Their singing may indeed be called a kind of cry, resembling that of night-birds. In moonlight nights, when they more frequently make their appearance, we have often watched to see their size and the celerity of their motion, and though they passed very near us, we were never able to form any idea of their magnitude; all which we could see was a white line formed in the air, and this was plainly perceivable when at no great distance.

This being a very particular bird, in order to gratify our curiosity, we promised the Indians a reward if they would procure us one; but all they could do was to get a young one, scarce fledged, though it was then of the size of a partridge, and all over speckled with dark and light brown; the bill was proportionate and straight; the aperture of the nostrils much larger than usual, the tail small, and the wings of a proper size for the body. According to the Indians, it is with the nostrils that it makes such a loud humming. This may, in some measure, contribute to it; but the effect seems much too great for such an instrument, especially as at the time of the humming it also uses its voice.—Ulloa's *Voyage,* vol. i. p. 476.

Note 11, page 65.

*Calitamani.*

Le dernier chaînon de ces montagnes auquel les naturels donnent le nom de Calitamini, nous parut au coucher du soleil comme une masse rougeâtre ardente. Cette apparence est chaque jour la même. Personne ne s'est jamais approché de cette montagne, son éclat singulier naît peut-être du jeu des réflets produits par le talc ou le schiste micacé.—*Tableau de la Nature.*

Note 12, page 72.

*Like the one at Mexico.*

The Mexicans being so very exact in all religious observances beyond all others in that new world, either to show the multitude of sacrifices they offered to their gods, or to keep in their minds the remembrance of death, to which all men are subject; they had a charnel of the skulls of men taken in war, and sacrificed, which was without the temple, and opposite to the great gate, above a stone's throw from it, in shape like a theatre, longer than it was broad, strong, and built with lime and stone, with steps, on which the heads were set between the stones, the teeth outwards. At the head and foot of the theatre were two

towers, made only of lime and skulls, and having no stone or other material, at least not to be seen; they were very strange to behold, being dreadful, and at the same time a good memorial, death appearing which way soever a man turned his eyes. At the top of the theatre, which much adorned the charnel, there were sixty or more long poles, about four or five spans asunder, to which were fixed, from the top to the bottom, as many sticks as the height could contain, in the form of St. Andrew's crosses, with heads or skulls placed between all those intervals, and made fast at the temples. The number was so great, that Gomara, who had it from Andrew de Tapia and Gonzalo de Umbria, two persons that took the pains to count them, tells us, they amounted to above one hundred and thirty thousand skulls, besides those that were in the towers, which they could not count; and the said Gomara condemns this practice, in regard that they were the heads of men sacrificed, as being the effect of so cruel a cause, as was the killing so many innocent persons; and he is in the right, for, had they been the heads of men that had died a natural death, it was commendable to expose them to public view, to put the living in mind of their end. They were so careful to keep them continually ranged

in their proper order, that there were persons appointed to set up others, whensoever any happened to drop out, which, according to their superstition, they looked upon as a religious affair.—HERRERA'S *Voyage to America,* vol. ii. p. 380, 381.

Note 13, page 75.

*With sandals on his feet.*

The two lords that led him were barefoot, for the respect they paid him was so great, that no man durst come into his presence without taking off his shoes.—HERRERA'S *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 328.

Note 14, page 75.

*Entirely full of curiosities.*

An apartment, which was also called the bird-house, not because it contained more than the other, but that they were larger, nobler, and of another sort, being birds of prey, for game, and they were looked after by skilful men, with the greatest care imaginable. Motezuma went oftener to this house than to any others, to see the birds, because they were more noble than the others, and was wont to ask many questions of their keepers, being very curious in that sort of knowledge; and he was in the right, for there are still hereabouts more and better birds than in any

other part of the world. In this house there were many upper rooms, and in them men, women, and children, all with white eyes and hair, as has been seen in Spain; and, what is most admired, in a town called Pocol, in New Galicia, a child was born, being the son of a black man and woman, all of him as white as snow. They said that there were some so white in Guinea, that their children were black like their grandfathers. It was very extraordinary to have any such born in New Spain, because all the other natives are of the colour of boiled quinces. In another apartment there were dwarfs, crooked people, some of whom it is reported were purposely so deformed in their infancy, alleging that it became a great monarch to have such things as were not to be found elsewhere. Every sort of dwarfs or other monsters, were kept apart, with people to look after them. In the lower rooms there were many strong cages or pens; in some there were lions, in others tigers, in others bears, in others leopards, and in others wolves. In short, all sorts of four-footed beasts, only that Motezuma might be said to be so great, that he had all sorts of wild beasts shut up in his house. In other rooms there were vast great jars of water, in which they fed and kept snakes, alligators, vipers, lizards, and

serpents of several sorts, so fierce and venomous that the very sight was frightful. The birds of prey were in another apartment about the court, and in strong cages, upon perches; being of all sorts, as hobbies, sparrow-hawks, kites, vultures, goshawks, ten or twelve sorts of falcons, several sorts of eagles, and among them fifty much bigger than the largest in Spain, each of which would eat a cock with a crop, which are very large birds. These eagles were asunder, and all of these birds were every day allowed five hundred of these cocks, having three hundred men to attend them. There were many birds in this apartment which the Spaniards knew nothing of. They gave the snakes the blood of persons sacrificed, which they licked; they had likewise part of the flesh, which was also eaten by the alligators. The Spaniards were very well pleased to see such variety of birds, so many fierce wild beasts and serpents; though they did not like to hear their hissing, the horrid roaring of the lions, the dismal howling of the wolves, the disagreeable cries of the leopards and tigers, and the dreadful noise of the other creatures, which they made either through hunger, or because they were not at liberty to practise their savage tempers. —*History of America,* by A DE HERRERA, p. 348, 349, 350.

Note 15, page 76.

*Tigers, alligators, and other wild beasts.*

Many of them, by way of gallantry, or to look fierce, had their heads thrust into heads of tigers, lions, alligators, or other wild creatures; and on their right arm or shoulders they wore some badge of gold, silver, or feathers.—HERRERA'S *Voyage to America*, vol. ii. p. 343.

Note 16, page 78.

*Bags of vermin.*

The house the Spaniards were quartered in being extraordinarily large, Alonzo de Ojeda walking about several rooms, found in one of them many sacks, about half a yard long, full and tied up very close. He took one of them, which he carried out, and opening it before several of his comrades, saw it was full of lice, which he affirms is certainly true; so they quickly tied it up again, much admiring at the meaning of it. They told Cortes, who asked Marina and Aguilar about it. They answered, that all persons were so submissive to the king, that those who through extreme poverty or sickness could not pay taxes to the king, were obliged to keep lice (to pay them) as an acknowledgment, and that the poor sort being very numerous,

there were several bags of lice; the most remarkable thing that ever was heard of, and which sufficiently shows the wonderful subjection of these people.—HERRERA's *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 397.

Note 17, page 80.

*Upon the king's feet.*

After them came out the retired youths and maidens of the temple, and taking their places opposite to one another, played and danced to the beat of the drum, in praise of the solemnity and of the idol, the prime men and persons of note dancing about them.—HERRERA's *History of America*, vol. ii. p. 215.

Note 18, page 81.

*Disguised themselves like birds.*

Having bid the idol good morning, they feasted, and then went to the temple, in the court whereof they acted very entertaining farces, with much dancing and joy; they all afterwards appearing disguised after several manners, like birds, butterflies, frogs, beetles, and other vermin, and others like lame persons and cripples, giving a comical account of their misfortunes, which provoked to laughter; and the solemnity ended with

dancing.—HERRERA's *History of America,* vol. ii. p. 219.

At the feast of Beiram, and during the carnivals, do they not much the same? And in England what were the mummers?

Note 19, page 90.

*The famed cavern of Autaripe.*

La partie la plus reculée de cette vallée est couverte d'une épaisse forêt. C'est dans cet endroit ombragé que s'ouvre la caverne d'*Autaripe;* c'est moins un antre qu'un rocher très-saillant où les eaux ont creusé un enfoncement lorsqu'elles atteignoient à cette hauteur. Là est le tombeau d'une peuplade éteinte. Nous y comptâmes environ six cents squelettes bien conservées; chacun repose dans une corbeille faite avec les pétioles des feuilles de palmier. Cette corbeille, que les naturels nomment mapirés, a la forme d'une espèce de sac carré; elle est d'une grandeur proportionnée à l'âge des morts, même pour les enfans moissonnés à l'instant de leur naissance.—*Tableau de la Nature,* p. 225.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 20, page 90.

*Brightened the borders of the thick fog.*

C'étoit par une de ces nuits sereines et fraîches

qui sont si ordinaires sous la zone torride. La lune, entourée d'anneaux colorés, brilloit au zénith ; elle éclairoit la lisière du brouillard, qui, comme un nuage à contours fortement prononcés, voiloit le fleuve écumeux. Une multitude innombrable d'insectes répandoient une lumière phosphorique rougeâtre sur la terre couverte de plantes. Le sol resplendissoit d'un feu vivant, comme si les astres du firmament étoient venus s'abattre sur la savanne. Des *bignonias* grimpans, des vanilles odorantes, et des *banisterias* aux fleurs d'un jaune doré, décoroient l'entrée de la caverne. Au-dessus, les cîmes de palmiers se balançoient en frémissant.—*Tableau de la Nature,* p. 232.—

Note 21, page 93.

*Grey crocodile.*

Les petits singes, que depuis plusieurs mois nous portions avec nous dans des cages tressées, attiroient par leurs cris plaintifs des crocodiles dont la grosseur et la couleur d'un gris plombé annonçoient le grand âge. Je ne ferois pas mention de cette apparition très-commune dans l'Orénoque, si les naturels ne nous avoient assuré que jamais on n'avoit vu de crocodiles dans les cataractes. Pleins de confiance dans leur assertion, nous avions plus d'une fois osé nous baigner dans

cette partie du fleuve. *Tableau de la Nature,* p. 221.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 22, page 97.

*Bird of the mountains.*

*Condour* ou *Condor.*—La région que l'on peut regarder comme le séjour habituel de cet oiseau commence à une hauteur égale à celle de l'Etna, et comprend des couches d'air élevées de seize cents à trois mille toises au-dessus du niveau de la mer. La caverne (*Machay*) *d'Antisana,* située vis-à-vis la montagne de *Chussulongo*, et de laquelle nous mesurâmes l'oiseau planant, est élevée de deux mille quatre cent quatre-vingt treize toises au-dessus du niveau du grand océan. Ainsi la hauteur absolue que le condor atteignoit étoit de trois mille six cent trente-neuf toises; là, le baromètre se soutient à peine à douze pouces. C'est un phénomène physiologique assez remarquable, que ce même oiseau, qui, pendant des heures entières, vole en tournant dans des régions où l'air est si raréfié, s'abat tout d'un coup jusqu'au bord de la mer comme le long de la pente occidentale du volcan de *Pichincha,* et ainsi, en peu d'instans, parcourre en quelque sorte tous les climats.—*Tableau de la Nature*, p. 62.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 23, page 97.

*The peak of Chimborazo.*

Chimborazo, qui est quatre fois plus élevé que le Puy de Dôme..... J'ai vu, comme je l'ai dit, le baromètre descendre sur le Chimborazo à treize pouces onze lignes deux dixièmes. Mons. Gay-Lussac a respiré pendant un quart-d'heure dans un air dont la pression n'étoit que de $0^m$, 3 288. A de si grandes hauteurs, l'homme se trouve en général dans un état asthénique très-pénible..... Le savant qui fait des recherches sur les langues verra peut-être avec plaisir quelques conjectures sur le nom de ce Chimborazo si célèbre. Le Corregimento, ou district où se trouve le Chimborazo, s'appelle Chimbo. *La Condamine* (Voyage à l'Equator) dérive Chimbo de Chimpani. Suivant lui, Chimbo-Raço, signifie la neige de l'autre bord parce qu'au village de Chimbo, en vue de l'énorme montagne couverte de neiges, on passe un ruisseau.—*Tableau de la Nature,* p. 74, 192.—HUMBOLDT.

Note 24, page 99.

*'Alla Acbar,' I faintly repeated.*

In better times, "when a witch on a broomstick seeing her friend the devil sailing through the air, advanced familiarly to meet him, a bishop,

whom she had not perceived, riding statelily on his back, exclaimed 'Ave Maria,' which so frightened her broomstick that she got a fall."—*See the ballad of* Bishop Athendius.

The condor, undoubtedly, if he had understood Arabic would have kicked up : it is not the author's fault that he was ignorant of the language.

Note 25, page 102.

*Better sit upon the promontory, and sing with my kinswoman, the spirit of the storm.*

It is difficult, but it is possible, to see the spirit of the storm. There is a wonderfully beautiful drawing of her, which the translator of Ada Reis's Tale once was permitted to look upon.

Note 26, page 104.

*She fell and falls for evermore.*

Les fameux sauts du Niagara, dont les principaux se trouvent dans le haut Canada. Dans cet endroit la rivière a 600 verges de large, et la chute est de 142 pieds. Entre les chutes, il y a une petite île ; le saut qui est du côté des États-Unis a 163 pieds de hauteur perpendiculaire sur un quart de lieue de large. Rien ne sauroit dépeindre l'étonnement que l'on éprouve en voyant cette énorme masse d'eau tomber sur une roche calcaire

très-blanche, durcie par des particules de sable quartzeux, d'où elle rejaillit à une grande hauteur, changée en écume qui la fait paraître blanche comme la neige. La vapeur qui s'en exhale, élancée en brouillards vers le ciel, s'aperçoit de cinq lieues, et les rayons du soleil y produisent un superbe arc-en-ciel. Le bruit qu'elle fait est tel, qu'à plus de six lieues il se fait encore entendre comme celui de vingt tonnerres à la fois. Il se forme, après la chute du fleuve, des tourbillons d'eau si terribles, qu'on ne peut y naviguer qu'à deux lieues de distance. Au pied de la cascade on trouve des monceaux de poissons et des tas d'anguilles entrelacées les unes avec les autres.— *L'Europe et l'Amérique comparées,* p. 108.

THE END.

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